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ROUGH RECOLLECTIONS

OF

MILITARY SERVICE AND SOCIETY

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MILITARY SERVICE AND SOCIETY

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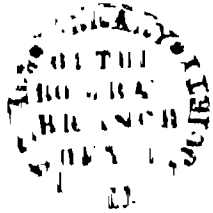
BY

LIEUT.-COLONEL
BALCARRES D. WARDLAW RAMSAY

FC
31/11/70

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.



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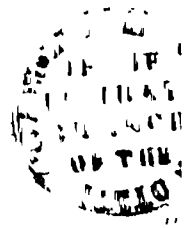

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THE SUPPRESSION OF THE MUTINY.

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To resume a few extracts from my diary :—

9th October.—At last there is no doubt as to the fall of Delhi, and the relief of the garrison at Lucknow; but as all the mutineers are now flocking into Oudh, Havelock's force stands a very good chance of being hemmed in. The Delhi force can do no more than hold the place; but a

column has been despatched in pursuit, under Colonel Greathed, 8th Regiment. They have already had sharp fighting at Muttra, and we are anxiously waiting further intelligence. The Sonthals are said to be rising again. Altogether, we have enough on our hands. The mail from England in, bringing two general officers — Wyndham, the Redan hero, a good-looking fellow, very like "Jullien;" also General Dupuis, to command the artillery, and twenty other officers. No more hesitation now at home.

27*th*.—The Commander-in-Chief and staff have gone up country. Very bad news is said to have been received; but the Government, as usual, is silent. I recommended Sir Colin before going to appoint a general officer to command in Calcutta, as I had experienced before the embarrassment of having no head to refer to on any subject of moment. I remember then going to Lord Canning, who received me most kindly (I refer to the time before Sir Patrick Grant's arrival), and recommended me to write weekly to the Military Secretary at the Horse Guards, thus letting him have the information, which otherwise would have been a long time filtering through the India Office.

Sir Robert Garrett was the officer selected.

He was perfectly furious with me, as he hoped to have been sent up country. He came down upon me in the Brigade Office, where of course I was under his orders, and found fault with everything. As Acting Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General, of course, I was independent of him. He then told me there was to be a review of all the troops present in Calcutta. As there were one or two Highland regiments and Rifle Brigade battalions passing through, I told him that it was impossible, as we were sending the men off daily. He said Lord Canning wished it. Of course I had nothing more to say. He then said, "You are to arrange all details." I replied, "It is impossible. At that hour I shall be occupied in the Adjutant-General's office." He replied sarcastically, "Perhaps you will consent to waive your distinguished rank on that occasion and oblige me?" I was then driven to my last resource. I said, "General, you had better not." "What on earth do you mean, sir?" "I mean that if I had a company to march from here to the general hospital, I should probably club them, as I have been so long out of regimental harness, and my early drilling was that of a cavalry officer. You had far better take one of your own efficient staff—

Major Garrett or Major Dallas," which he accordingly did.

On the afternoon of the review, having finished my work at the Adjutant-General's office earlier than usual, I rode out on the ground. The first person I met was the hero of the Redan, General Wyndham, who was very sarcastic as to my costume. I was still wearing the old coatee with epaulets. Sir Robert Garrett, the officer commanding, caught a sight of me and galloped up to me, saying, "You are just in time. I want a point," and placed me as one accordingly. And thus it came about that the Acting Adjutant-General of H.M. forces in India was posted as a point at a review. I laughed heartily at this comical method of revenge. Sir Robert was, however, a right good-hearted fellow, and we became fast friends. I was not in the least astonished at his soreness in finding out that I was in a measure responsible for his being left behind when the headquarters moved up country, for he was a gallant soldier. He was extremely kind to the young officers arriving. I remember one day, during our morning ride, he saw a young officer in the 7th Hussars standing on the ramparts, apparently in a disconsolate attitude. Sir Robert's kindly feelings were excited, and he

said, "Poor fellow, he does not know where to go to!" I recognised the young gentleman, Gussy Gore, and said, "You had better leave him alone, Sir Robert. He is well able to take care of himself." "Nonsense, nonsense!" said the General; and riding up to the young officer, who was standing in a careless manner, with his hands in his pockets and his mouth open, said—

"Do you want anything, youngster?"

"Nothing, sir," was the answer.

"Can we not help you in any way?"

"No, sir."

"What the d——l are you doing there, gaping about?" said the worthy General, getting irritated.

"Taking it all in," said the gallant hussar, looking blandly round and on the irate General.

"You be ——," said the General, and away we rode, leaving the renowned Gussy still taking it all in.

Day after day new troops came pouring in to the Presidency, and were sent up country with the utmost despatch. Rumours of risings in all parts, victories here, partial defeats there; but now we were comparatively at ease. At home the country was thoroughly roused at last, and

we had been saved, through God's mercy, by Lord Elphinstone, the Governor of Bombay's forethought and public spirit: the first shown by his sending off to intercept the troops on their way to China; the second, by his fearlessness in sending every available European from Bombay up the country.

Amongst the officers who arrived from China was Lieutenant-General Ashburnham, the commander of the forces there, an old Guardsman. I knew him in former days when he commanded the division at Umballa in 1849. One of the most charming thorough-bred men I ever met. He telegraphed at once to Sir Colin, offering his services in the field in any capacity. For a long time no notice was taken. At last he received an official letter, appointing him to the division at Umballa, his old appointment, and wholly out of the scene of action. He turned very quietly to me and said, "I have played that game before, and will not play it again. I shall go home by the next steamer," which he accordingly did. I am glad to have this opportunity of placing the foregoing on record, as remarks injurious to his fair fame were made at the time, and a more gallant soldier did not exist. He was most desirous of serving in the field in *any capacity*, he

observed; but naturally did not care about resuming his old command where there was no fighting. I can imagine, however, that Sir Colin must have been much embarrassed as to the disposal of a lieutenant-general.

Like all Guardsmen in command abroad, General Ashburnham was very strict as to uniform being worn on all occasions. I remember being with him on one occasion at Umballa, when we came upon an officer in plain clothes. The General, in his usual quiet manner, said—

"Good evening, Captain ——. Do you ever see my orders?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you ever do me the honour to read them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then will you do me the favour to obey them?"

"Yes, sir," growled the officer, who added, *sotto voce*, "—— the fellow,—I would rather he swore at me."

1*st November*.—Being utterly knocked up with the hard work, I went down to the Sand Heads to stay in the pilot brig for a few days; and returned in the Candia steamer, coming up the river with about 200 officers on board. On setting foot on deck, I was instantly beset by

a host of eager inquirers, and for an hour or two had to hold forth on all the recent events, especially as to where the various regiments were, what they were doing, &c. As there were on board representatives from every regiment serving in the field, it may be imagined what a prize I was to them,—the man of all others who could give them information. At last I had to be rescued by the senior officer of the party. There were some charming youngsters in the 42d Highlanders.

On anchoring at Garden Reach, alongside the Sutledge, with the 3d Battalion Rifle Brigade on board, Captain Lovell, the superintendent, came on-board, and brought the melancholy intelligence that Colonel Powell, 53d Regiment, late Commandant of the Fort, had been killed, which grieved me much; also that Sir Colin Campbell and staff had nearly been captured on their way up country. "Serve him right," said young Coleridge, 42d Highlanders, "for not waiting for us to escort him." The 2d and 3d Battalions Rifle Brigade—the latter under the command of Colonel Horsford, that gallant rifleman *par excellence*, afterwards Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, Horse Guards—met in Calcutta; I believe the first time for many a long year.

Nothing could exceed the hospitality of the people in Calcutta, pre-eminent amongst whom was that best of fellows, Ritchie, the Judge Advocate-General, Thackeray's friend and relative. Every day he attended in the mornings and evenings, when the disembarkations took place, and asked the officers to dinner—as many as he could provide for. The Rifle Brigade were quartered in the Town-hall, close to him, and some of the officers dined every day with him. I remember on one occasion watching a curious disembarkation, not of officers, but of elephants from Burmah. They were whipped up into the air by strong pulleys and chains. Their moans and groans, when they felt themselves going, were heartrending. Once in the air, they were perfectly quiet, and looked like gigantic mosquitoes. Their sagacity prompted them to remain perfectly quiet the instant their feet were off the ground. It was an interesting sight. I said to my friend, "The only dissatisfaction you feel is that you cannot ask them to dinner."

13*th December.*—Alas! alas! our dear old friend Havelock gone. The best friend I ever had. What a loss to his country! How many will mourn him!

Years after in Italy I found a pamphlet in

Italian, published by the Waldensians, giving so excellent an epitome of his life, that I determined to translate it into English, and distribute it amongst our soldiers, to show how much he was esteemed by other nations; it being, moreover, invaluable to those who could not have access to the life written by his brother-in-law, Dr Marshman. Amongst the many letters I received in approbation of the little work, I transcribe the following from the Archbishop of Canterbury and John Marshman:—

"My dear Balcarres Ramsay,—I have received your letter and the pamphlet you kindly sent me, for which I am much obliged. I hope it may be as much appreciated in its English dress as you say it has been in Italian. We are at present occupying Lord Brougham's villa at Cannes, which he has kindly placed at our disposal.

Our united kind regards to yourself and Mrs Ramsay.—Ever yours truly,

"A. C. Cantuar."

"7 Kensington Palace Gardens,
February 28, 1871.

"Dear Colonel Ramsay,—I take great shame

to myself for having so long allowed your letter to remain unanswered. Though dated in December, it was not sent to me by the booksellers till a short time ago. The proof-sheets of the little pamphlet I went over very carefully, and made several emendations to secure accuracy. It is a most gratifying circumstance to find that a memoir of that illustrious Christian soldier should have met with such ready acceptance among the soldiers of the Italian army.

(Signed) "JOHN MARSHMAN."

In the preface to my translation I wrote as follows:—

"This little work has had an extraordinary success in Italy. Published in the beginning of this year by the Waldensian Mission at Florence, it ran through four editions in as many months, and has been extensively read by Italian soldiers. The translator, in venturing to bring it before an English public, trusts that it will be equally acceptable to his fellow-soldiers, to whom the memory of Havelock is dear. To the translator it has been a work of love, as he had the honour of an intimate friendship for many years with that 'true soldier and

true Christian,' as he was designated by Lord Hardinge in Parliament.

"It has been much the fashion to consider General Havelock as simply a stern Puritan soldier. Stern as a disciplinarian he certainly was, Puritan as regards the purity of his motives and actions he undoubtedly was,—but the writer is glad of this opportunity to bear witness to those gentle and unobtrusive social qualities which endeared him so much to those who knew him intimately, and rendered him so beloved, even by men who had not otherwise much in common with him. His proselytism was that of example, not of talk. *He lived the life*, therefore his influence was great.

"Any profits that may accrue from the sale of this pamphlet will be devoted to the use of the Waldensian Mission.

"ROME, *December* 1870."

2*d January* 1858.—Our good old Bishop, Daniel Wilson, died this morning. He was a most eccentric old man, and countless were the stories of him. I will mention a few from my personal experience. In a sermon at the Calcutta Cathedral, after a hubbub about some indiscretion attributed to an officer of rank, alluded to in

the foregoing pages, the Bishop after a powerful discourse wound up by saying:—

"But, my brethren, there are sinners everywhere. There are sinners even amongst these dear little children [pointing to the Sunday-school children right and left of him], and there are a vast number of old sinners in front of me," waving his hands over the heads of the Governor-General and staff, Members of Council, heads of departments, &c.

One morning I breakfasted with him. As usual at family prayers, which he invariably conducted himself, he prayed by name for the people staying with him. There was a gentleman from Madras for whom he prayed, and then he said, "Let us pray for his dear wife, and dear children." A thought struck him, he paused, and he said to his chaplain, "By the by, is he a married man?"

"No, my lord; he is not married."

"Ah, well, never mind," he resumed. "He may marry, and the children may come."

On another occasion it was related that he was preaching against the sin of avarice, when he delivered himself of the following remarks: "My brethren, there are several forms of avarice; one form has recently been brought home to me most unpleasantly. You all know my archdeacon there,

a most excellent man; well, last week he sold me a horse for five hundred rupees—he is not worth ten. This, my brethren, I consider a most unpleasant form of avarice."

These are only one or two out of numberless stories about him, many of which have doubtless no foundation, but there was no doubt as to his extreme eccentricity. On one occasion there was a great outbreak of cholera in the Fort. I asked that prayers might be offered up for the poor soldiers. The next Sunday the Bishop was to preach in the Fort. He was very late; we were all waiting in the church, when he drove up, got out at the end of the long aisle, up which he walked very fast, with his black servant before him carrying a bag, whom he constantly poked in the back with his stick, saying, "Get on." When he came up to our seats, he said in a loud voice, "Where is the Brigade-Major?" As he passed two officers sitting at the end of the pews, he touched them, saying, "Are you the Brigade-Major?" One replied, "No, I am the Town-Major;" the other, "I am the Fort-Major." I was all the time keeping well out of observation behind a pillar. The old Bishop grumbled loudly at not being able to find the Brigade-Major: however, there was no time to be lost, so he hurried to the vestry, put

his canonicals on, and came out, still muttering to himself. When he got into the pulpit, he wound himself round and round in a rug. He used to suffer from cold in the extremities. Always talking to himself, at last he settled, and gave us, as he always did, a most excellent sermon: text, "To your tents, O Israel." During the sermon he said how much he had been pleased by an officer of the garrison having asked for the prayers of the Church during the late outburst of cholera.

The Bishop had a great fund of humour and sense of the ridiculous. He always addressed Courtenay, Lord Dalhousie's private secretary, who was not a military man, as Lieutenant Courtenay, and when remonstrated with, would say, "Oh, I beg your pardon, Captain Courtenay," knowing how much the latter detested the designation. An old lady lived with him, Mrs Ellerton, a very remarkable character: she had been all her life in Calcutta, and remembered the duel between Philip Francis and Warren Hastings. They used to dispute with each other as to who would die first; and when the old lady was on one occasion dangerously ill and supposed to be dying, he told her, in answer to some queries on her part, to make her mind quite easy, that he had made all arrangements,

and ordered her coffin. However, she recovered then, and the Bishop observed that she had a very frail body, but a very tough soul. Soon after, however, she died, and the Bishop survived her only a few weeks.

On one occasion he met a very charming lady, a great friend of his, on a narrow plank-bridge over some water in the Botanical Gardens. There being only room for one at a time, she offered to go back to let him pass; but he insisted on doing so, saying, "But first the kiss of peace, my sister," which she had to submit to.

Another good story to finish. It was said that when at Bombay during the Scinde war he applied for a steamer to take him back to Calcutta, but was refused, as they were all required then on the public service. However, at prayers in the evening at Government House, he said, "And now let us pray for our good Governor, Sir George Arthur, who is about to give me a steamer to return to the scene of my former missions." Poor Sir George, the most scrupulous of men, imagining that the Bishop had misunderstood the answer given him, allowed him to have the steamer.

Amongst the noted characters in Calcutta at this time was Sir Arthur Buller, one of her

Majesty's judges, a brother of Charles Buller, and, like him, one of the most agreeable companions I ever met. He brimmed over with wit and fun. I am sorry that I have preserved only one of his letters, which I transcribe. It was relative to the trial of a dishonest bearer or servant.

"My dear Major Ramsay,—I will direct your case to be sent in the first to the grand jury to-morrow. You will be required to give your evidence there at about half-past twelve o'clock, and then in quarter of an hour a true bill will in all probability be returned, and I will immediately set to work to try the case. Under these auspicious circumstances I hope you will be a free man by two o'clock, and your bearer the reverse. Mind the first question I shall ask you is, 'What is the secret of Freemasonry?' You had better be at the Supreme Court by a quarter past twelve.—Ever yours truly,

"A. M. Buller."

CHAPTER XIII.

ENGLAND AGAIN.

VISIT THE CAPE — SIR GEORGE GREY — ST HELENA — RELICS OF NAPOLEON — A FARCICAL FIRE AT SEA — COLD RECEPTION OF LUCKNOW INVALIDS — THE DUKE OF MALAKOFF — DR MARSH OF BECKENHAM — SMOKING ON THE RAILWAY.

My health having quite given way, I went home in H.M. ship Himalaya, in charge of the remnant of the Lucknow garrison, also of the ladies, amongst whom were Mrs Polehampton, now Lady Durand, the Florence Nightingale of the East, and her friend Mrs Bartrum, the widow of a doctor, both of whom did a great work during the siege, and left imperishable names. Every man I had was wounded, and soon after leaving, symptoms of hospital gangrene appeared; but, owing to the prompt and energetic measures adopted by Dr Bremner, the surgeon, they were speedily repressed. The infected men were at once brought aft and placed close to the helm.

Owing to our having carried away our mizzen-mast, and lost a few bolts out of the screw-wheel, we were obliged to put into Simon's Bay to refit. We arrived exactly forty-six days after leaving Calcutta. To our astonishment we found the small bay full of ships, all Russian men-of-war, ostensibly on their way to their settlement at St Amoor, but in reality, it was supposed, to watch events at Canton.

3*d April* 1858.—We started for Cape Town in a most primitive conveyance, the seats consisting of three boards, three places on each. We took the hinder board for ourselves: immediately in front of us were two enormous Dutch women, whose colossal proportions threatened at every jolt to annihilate us. Our Malay driver guided our four horses with great dexterity. After clearing the town of Simon's Bay, the road runs through shifting sand, which is very heavy and sometimes very dangerous. It then runs along the base of the rocks past Kalk Bay, where there is a small hotel and some lodging-houses, a favourite resort for sea-bathing of the people of Cape Town. We then crossed a spur of rock, and entered a flat table-land, a heather country. About half-way we came to a charming hotel, kept by a German of the name of Rathfelder.

It is beautifully situated, just at the commencement of the civilised country, and within an easy drive of Wynberg, Constantia, and Rondebosch. The latter place we passed through, then ascended a hill, on the top of which is a village called Newbury, from whence you have a view of Cape Town,—Table Mountain to the left—to the right, Table or Maremma Land, on which is the Astronomer-Royal's house, and where Herschel resided. The road to the frontier leads in that direction through Stellenbosch and Paarl. A steep hill leads you down to Cape Town. On the right hand as you enter is the fort; thence an open space, flanked on either side, leads to the public rooms, where there is a splendid library and reading-room. Opposite this are all the best shops, and to the right the quay and pier. We put up at the Masonic Hotel, where we were comfortably lodged; but the heat was terrific, even to us coming from India,—not a breath of air stirring. Went to pay my respects to the Governor, Sir George Grey, who was most charming in his manner. He is not one of "the Grey family," I believe, but has raised himself to his present position entirely by his own merits. He was an officer in the 83d Regiment in New Zealand, and was employed

by the Geographical Society; from that he rose by successive steps to be Governor of that colony, and eventually of the Cape, where he is more popular, and deservedly so, than any Governor who preceded him.

5th April. — We again visited the Botanical Gardens, which are full of interest. Met the Governor, whose grounds adjoin this. He took us all over his own, and showed us his pet deer and ostriches. We were glad to escape the heat and dust, and went to Rathfelder's half-way house: thence drove to see Sans Souci, one of the Governor's country seats. It is a lovely place, an old-fashioned house, French chateau style, surrounded by trees, close under Table Mountain, which from the drawing-room windows is seen towering over the garden. From this place we drove to Constantia, passing through Wynberg, a very pretty little village, formerly the favourite resort of Indian officials on furlough; but as now an officer can go to England on the same terms as he went to the Cape and Australia, at least for six months, the Cape is almost wholly deserted by them, and it is said loses £40,000 a-year in consequence. After passing Wynberg we descended a steep hill, the land unproductive, but covered with the most lovely heather and

flowers. We then ascended a hill to Constantia, passed a large country place with Constantia written on the gate, belonging to Mr Van Rhenin; then through a shady lane up to great Constantia, belonging to Mr Cloete, the patriarch of that large family. We drove up an avenue, or rather platform, commanding a beautiful view towards False Bay, up to the house, a fine old-fashioned Dutch one. We were received by the grand old lady, Mrs Cloete, who was quite agitated when she read my name, Balcarres, and asked me what relation I was to Lady Anne Barnard, wife of the secretary to Earl Macartney, Governor of the Cape at the close of the last and beginning of the present century—maiden name Lady Anne Lindsay, authoress of "Auld Robin Gray."

When I told her she was my grand-aunt, the old lady was quite overjoyed and embraced me telling me that she was the little Van Rhenin girl mentioned in Lady Anne Barnard's charming journal, published in the 'Lives of the Lindsays.' A more amusing journal was never written, and it evidently served as a model half a century afterwards to Lady Duff Gordon's equally charming journal. One important fact my grand-aunt discovered "since she came to the Cape, that it is a reflection to be without a family.

One of the civilest of the Dutchmen, on hearing me say we had no children, exclaimed, 'Oh miserauble, miserauble!' in such a doleful tone, that I must in future give myself credit for half-a-dozen boys at school at home." Old Mr Cloete conducted us himself through his vineyard, then showed us the wine-vaults. As our stay at Simon's Bay was prolonged, in consequence of the repairs to the ship not being finished, the Governor requested us to occupy his country house, Sans Souci, along with the Lucknow ladies, Mrs Polehampton and Mrs Bartrum, where we spent a happy ten days. Nothing could exceed the Governor's kindness and hospitality—everything was provided for us. I believe Sir George has given his valuable library, including several priceless illuminated works, to Cape Town. There never was a man more beloved there.

The approach to St Helena is most striking—gigantic barren rocks of fantastic appearance. From the side you get a glimpse of Longwood, where the Emperor Napoleon ended his days, and miserably bleak it looks. Keeping these gigantic rocks to the left, we skirted along until we turned sharp round a corner marked with a cross. Here we gradually took in sail, as the gusts of wind coming down the gullies often

carry away the masts. We hugged the land as we rounded, and dropped anchor outside the bay, opposite James Town. We then landed and walked up to the town. The road along the quay is lined with the spars of condemned slavers, captured and brought in here. At the end of this we came to an avenue which leads to the drawbridge and entrance to the fortress. On entering we found ourselves in a square, where the public buildings were,—the post-office, government house, guard-house, hotel, and church. We then went to pay our respects to the Governor, Mr Drummond Hay. He received us very courteously, and invited us to make an excursion in the interior and visit him in his country house, The Plantations.

The next day we drove to Longwood. Commenced the ascent of Ladder Hill, so called because by a ladder consisting of some two hundred and fifty steps you can reach on foot the summit of the hill, on which are built the citadel and barracks. Our ascent was fearfully steep. At one of the turns we met the Governor, who courteously repeated his invitation to us, expressing his regret that the arrival of the mail from England prevented his receiving us personally, but that Mrs Drummond Hay would do the

honours. At the summit of Ladder Hill we passed through a gateway-house, and again commenced our ascent. The view from here, of the sea stretching to an infinite distance, is very grand. At the summit of this next hill we came to a gateway lying to the right, which is the entrance to Plantations, the Governor's residence, a well-wooded place, presenting a remarkable contrast to the barren rocks around. The drive is very picturesque,—at a turn you have a fine view of the house, with a picturesque church built on a rising ground above it. On alighting at the entrance we met Major Macbean, commanding the St Helena regiment, and his wife. We were received most courteously by Mrs Drummond Hay, a stately dame of imposing appearance, and splendidly dressed.

After leaving Plantations we descended for a short way, then recommenced ascending, passed the place where Napoleon is buried, and on to Longwood. We entered the grounds by a lodge, drove over a grass plot, large fir-trees on one side, and straight up to the house, which is in a miserably dilapidated condition—partly used as a granary, partly as a stable. On entering we passed into a small room, formerly used as a billiard-room; the next room, now a granary, was

the reception-room, and where the Emperor's body lay in state; the next room, the dining-room; to the left of this the library, and to the right the bedroom of the Emperor. The entrance to this has been bricked up, and the room the mighty Emperor died in is now a cow-shed!

The walls of every room are scribbled over with the names of visitors—principally French. This house and a portion of the grounds have been bought by the French Government, with the sanction of ours: they intend, it is said, to build a chapel. Then to the left of this house is the new house built by our Government for the Emperor, but never inhabited. On passing through the lodge on our return, a very old woman of dark complexion came out and offered us a nosegay, and spoke a great deal about the Emperor. Amongst other stories (?) she stated that the Emperor tried to construct a balloon, and got up quantities of silk in a clock-case, which was sent down empty to James Town for that purpose, so that the shopkeepers were interdicted from selling any more silk to him,—a very problematical legend. Her husband was a pensioner from the 34th Regiment, having resided on the island forty years. It came on to rain so heavily, that we were obliged, much to our regret,

to leave the tomb unvisited, as we could only reach it on foot. Met the Macbeans again in the town. She has been a great beauty, and is daughter of the late Sir Colin Campbell, Governor of Ceylon.

1*st May.*—My poor Sergeant-major Kelly died at last of consumption. He was a devout Roman Catholic, and had received extreme unction at Simon's Bay; and fortunately for him, our assistant-surgeon, Mr Sexton, was a Roman Catholic. He was to be buried the next morning. There had been a play got up by the men, advertised for this night, and they commenced. My poor fellows had looked death in the face for so many weary months,—most of them cripples for life, some blind, and all more or less wounded,—that they thought very lightly of it. The captain and I did not like to issue a formal order prohibiting the play, so the former ordered the fire-alarm to be sounded, which effectually broke up the party. All rushed to their appointed stations; the women screamed and fainted, and the captain went to his station on the bridge, whence he shouted out, "Fire in the main-top!"

4*th May.*—The amusements which had been interrupted on Saturday night were resumed this evening. A splendid programme was issued,

in which it was announced with considerable humour that on this occasion the amusing farce of a fire at sea would *not be repeated.* The plays were admirable. Our stage manager was the *eldest* son of a Scotch baronet, now serving as a private in the 78th Highlanders.

8th June.—Arrived at Plymouth. My poor invalids from Lucknow were terribly disappointed that the Queen had not come to meet them, as they heard was done when the first batch of wounded arrived from the Crimea. The difficulties the poor fellows had to contend with in India, were a joke compared to what they had to suffer in their journey from Plymouth to Chatham. We were sent off by express train first to Reading, where we arrived at 3 A.M. My poor fellows, nearly all of whom were minus a leg or an arm, some of whom had actually never seen a railroad before, naturally got out if they could at every station, and in several instances could *not* hobble back in time to save the train. At Reading station we were ordered to get out and change to the South-Western line. No refreshments of any sort had been provided for the men; all the places were shut. The men were frantic. If the men had not been very much attached to me, in consequence of

what I had done for them (I forgot to mention that at the Cape of Good Hope the generous inhabitants there gave me a hundred pounds, to expend in tobacco and other comforts for the shattered remnant of the Lucknow garrison), and if I had not had with me our most energetic and gallant surgeon of the ship, Dr Bremner, who, being a naval officer, was not restrained by any military etiquette in personally handling the poor fellows, I do not know what I should have done. As it was, we got them all into the carriages, which I had locked. At London Bridge I was afraid that we should be forced to get out; but I went to the superintendent and represented the state of things. He promptly gave us a special train *at his own responsibility.*

At Chatham the brigade-major said, "How is it that you have left some of your men on the road?" I was boiling over with indignation, and said, "Sir, I am surprised, not that I have lost some of the men, but that I have any with me at all, considering the treatment we have received. A campaign in India is a joke to what we have gone through for thirty hours. We have been knocked about, hustled from one line to another, without refreshments, or the means of procuring any. This would have been bad

enough if the men had been hardy young soldiers; but these were old, maimed, and scarred veterans, the remnant of a band of heroes of whose achievements the whole world was ringing, and this was their reception by a grateful country."

I never was so thankful as to find, when a few months after I was appointed to the Quartermaster-General's department at headquarters, that the authorities there were in no way responsible for what had occurred. The arrangements had been made by the authorities in the Western District, who sent us off without waiting for instructions from headquarters, where a very different programme had been intended. I parted with my poor fellows with very great regret; but whenever I go up to London I have the pleasure of seeing some of them, as I got a great many of them into the corps of Commissionaires.

Soon after my arrival in London I was at a ball at Apsley House. The dancing was in the grand Waterloo Gallery. Of course all the great world was there. I remarked amongst others the Duke of Malakoff (Marshal Pelissier), Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the Marquis of Salisbury, Duke of Newcastle, Lord Charles Wellesley, &c. I

was delighted to meet my very dear old friends Arthur Hardinge (dear little Arthur) and John Fortescue. I found myself standing next the young Maharajah Duleep Singh—whom I had last seen at Lahore when he was being lifted off his howdah to be placed on the Governor-General's.

Apropos of Duke de Malakoff, there is an amusing story current. He had been asked to an evening reception at Lord Hardwicke's, where there was to be a grand dinner-party first. Having only just arrived in England, and being ignorant of our customs, he thought it not consistent with his dignity that he should be asked in the evening and not to the dinner, so he wrote back to the effect that he should have the pleasure of attending in the evening if he dined there first. So of course he had to be asked. When the dinner came off the Duke had not arrived, but at last made his appearance. It appears that on that day he was on bad terms with his Breton coachman—his foster-brother, it was said—and they would not condescend to have any more communication with each other than was strictly necessary. On this occasion, as the Duke had to go to the Austrian Ambassador in the evening, he shouted out, "To the Austrian Embassy and

Lord Hardwicke's!"—mentioning the first by mistake. Away they went, and presently the Duke found himself scowling at a full-length likeness of the Emperor of Austria, not a soul in the room. This was just before the Italian war. Presently in came the Ambassadress, who of course knew there was some mistake; then arrived Lady Cowley. Dinner was announced. The Ambassador said—

"Will you give your arm to the Countess?"

"What!" said the Duke. "Where are Lord and Lady Hardwicke?"

"They do not dine here," replied the Ambassador.

"Am I not in their house?"

"No; in the Austrian Embassy."

Off bolted the Duke, found his carriage gone, and without ceremony took Lady Cowley's, and drove to Lord Hardwicke's, where they had been waiting for him.

During the summer Lord Stanley sent for me to the India Board. He wished to see me relative to a question which had been put in the House of Lords, as to the deficiency of light clothing alleged to exist amongst the troops now in the field under Sir Colin Campbell. Found my old friend Gerald Talbot, late private secre-

tary to Lord Canning, holding the same office under Lord Stanley. My interview with Lord Stanley was most satisfactory. He was good enough to say that now, if he was asked a question, he could give a most satisfactory answer. No one could be kinder—his manner pleasing, simple, and unaffected.

30*th July*.—A most interesting day. Went to Beckenham Rectory, where a *fête* was given to celebrate dear old Dr Marsh's eighty-third birthday. I knew him in days gone by, when he had a vicarage at Leamington. It was a lovely day. All the people of the parish were on the lawn drinking tea, and many visitors from all parts of the world. The situation of the parsonage is very picturesque: an old mansion-house surrounded by splendid trees—especially cedars; the tapering spire of the church just peeping out from among them; rising ground in the distance, surmounted by the Crystal Palace. Every one was enjoying to the utmost the beauty of the scene, when the venerable Doctor appeared, and took his place at the tea-table amongst the old people. He commenced an address in a feeble voice, which got more animated as he proceeded. It was very affecting. All his relations and friends took great care of him. He

looks very well—the same angelic countenance I remember thirty years ago.

Some weeks after this I went to study military strategy with two Italian officers now living in exile—Major Corté, a great friend and partisan of Garibaldi's, and Cristoforis, a Milanese. The latter was one of the most talented officers in Europe, and his military works have acquired a European fame. Major Corté is now General Corté, a Senator and Préfet of Florence. Cristoforis was killed in the very first engagement in the war with Austria in 1859, I think at Varese, near Milan. Here I met several illustrious Italians. One day I remember a dinner-party, at which were present Visconti Venosta, afterwards for years Foreign Minister at the Court of the Quirinal; Fanti, Farini, and young Marochetti, the son of the celebrated sculptor, Baron Marochetti, well known in this country. On our return to London, we were all at Putney railway station—very merry, talking Italian, and smoking furiously. A porter came up to me and said, "Sir, you must not smoke here." I pretended not to understand him. Another porter, eyeing us contemptuously, said—"I say, Bill, leave them poor beggars alone: a bit of bacey is the same to them as a bit of bread to us." We all of course

understood him, and laughed heartily. Many years after I met one of the party at a reception in the Quirinal, Rome. I went up to make my bow to him, and said—"You may probably not remember me." He said, laughing at the recollection, "My dear sir, I shall never forget that you were with me when I was called a poor beggar at Putney."

Talking of smoking in railway carriages puts me in mind of an absurd adventure I once had in those early days. I went into a carriage with a cigar in my mouth, there being no one in it. Presently came in, evidently, a railway magnate, to judge from the attentions of the railway staff. Of course I asked him if he objected to smoking: he said, "Most decidedly—both personally and officially, as I am a director of the railway." Of course I threw away my cigar; we became very friendly and entered into conversation. I ascertained that he was standing for the county we were then traversing, and that the contest was likely to be so close a one that one vote either way might decide it.

"Dear me," I observed, "that is curious! for I am entitled to a vote in the county, but have never registered it."

"What side are you?" he said.

I replied, "I never dabbled in politics—leaving that to the head of my family, who was a strong Conservative; that I myself was considered to be rather heterodox in my views, but that if it came to a question of voting I supposed I should follow my leader."

Hereupon my friend got into an uncontrollable state of excitement, and said: "Sir, I am the Conservative candidate! Your vote may gain me the victory! . I will take you in my carriage to the registry office!" No contemptible offer, as there was then a cab-strike on hand. However, I was not to be moved. At last in despair —just as we were approaching London—he said, "Will you light another cigar?" Direct bribery and corruption. I exclaimed, "No! I can hold on until we reach London," when I left my Conservative friend in a violent state of agitation.

While upon smoking, I may relate the following story, which was told to me when Cardinal Simeoni, the Cardinal Secretary, went to London. He dined with Cardinal Manning. After dinner the Cardinal Secretary pulled out his cigar-case and commenced to smoke. Cardinal Manning was evidently much annoyed. Some kindly person at the table, in order to relieve the embarrassment of the company from the

awkward silence which ensued, said, "What cigars do you smoke, Cardinal." "Oh," he replied, "I always smoke Italian ministers—Cavour and Minghetti—and very bad they are." I venture humbly to disagree with the jovial Cardinal, not only as to the Italian ministers, but as to the cigars; for if you can get an old Cavour, there is no pleasanter cigar to smoke, and the Minghetti at fifteen centimes is a wonderful cigar—far better than a fourpenny cigar bought at a tobacconist's in England. As a rule, however, in Italy there is much room for improvement in the Government tobacco manufactory; but being a shareholder in the company, which pays very large dividends, I have personally no reason to complain.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HORSE GUARDS.

SIR R. AIREY — VOLUNTEER REVIEW OF 1860 — DR TAIT, BISHOP OF LONDON — ANECDOTE OF WORDSWORTH — THACKERAY — SCOTS GREYS' DINNER—DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT—A LITERARY "SELL."

HAVING been appointed Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General at Headquarters, I entered on my duties on the 2d April 1859, the very day I commenced work at Calcutta five years previous; and here I spent a very happy six years, and learnt not only to venerate but to love my illustrious chief—the most royal of princes, and the kindest of men. All that happened during that time within its walls is, of course, sacred to me; but I cannot resist stating that the calumny alleged against us—viz., that we were like the fountains in Trafalgar Square, which played from eleven till five—was wholly unfounded. Never was there a harder-worked body of men—from

our worthy chief, Sir Richard Airey, down to the youngest clerk.

But this halcyon dream was rudely disturbed by Lord Herbert's Five Years' Act. The only confidence I shall betray is what the Quarter-master-General, Sir Richard Airey, said to me on entering the office: "I expect every one to take his share of the work, and not bother me in every small detail. If you are not competent to perform the work specially assigned to you, you are not fit to remain in the office. I shall always support you until it is clear that you are not able to perform the work. In matters of paramount importance, of course, a reference must be made to me; and above all things, I would especially enjoin extreme courtesy to strangers coming to the office for information, and to officers. I well remember," said Sir Richard, warming as he spoke, and going to the fireplace, standing with his back to it—calling to my mind afterwards Kinglake's description of his eager aquiline look,—"I well remember when I was marching at the head of my brigade into Varna" (Sir Richard to the last always prided himself more especially on his regimental experience) "a staff officer came up to me, and in a very impertinent manner told me I was marching my brigade wrong. I said

nothing—treating the order as, of course, emanating from superior authority, and acted according to his instructions. That very day I had in my pocket the order appointing me Quarter-master-General, in the place of Lord De Ros going home, which was not generally known. When I assumed office, would you believe it, sir, the staff officer was ass enough to come up and say he hoped I was not offended with him. 'Offended!' I said. 'I never gave it a thought afterwards; but now that you have recalled it to my mind, let me tell you, sir, I never thought of you at all in the matter. I simply thought what a disagreeable man your general must be. As to you, sir, I only thought of you as the sword he wore or the pen he used; but let me add now, sir, since you have been silly enough to allude to the matter, that if I ever hear you speak to a senior officer, or indeed any officer, in the way you spoke to me, I will make short work of you!'" Never was a master better understood or better served generally than Sir Richard Airey. All knew what was expected of them, and all knew that they would be loyally supported as long as they acted rightly.

Since writing the foregoing, my kind and re-

spected chief has joined the majority. No one, perhaps, has left a larger number of friends to mourn his loss. No one certainly succeeded better in combining the man of business and the man of pleasure. Naturally of an indolent temperament, and inclined to snatch at the trifles of the passing moment, it was wonderful to see how he was able to rouse himself when called upon, and the amount of work he was able to get through, when we looked in despair on papers, belonging to our various departments under him, littering his table. One morning's hard work would dispose of them all; and his minutes were models of lucidity and clearness of expression. I believe there was nothing he detested more than a methodical man. When riding with him in the Park in the morning, seeing me look fidgety as the hour of eleven approached, he used to say, "What is the matter with you? If you have not got to open the letters when the office opens, you need not be in such a hurry; you will do your work all the better for being a little late." We all knew right well that under him the work must be done, and thoroughly too. On small matters of detail he disliked being referred to, saying, "You ought to be able to manage your own departments, or you are not fit for the office;"

and we knew that we should always be loyally supported by him, which gave us confidence. On my return from my wanderings abroad, no one greeted me with a kinder shake of the hand or a more cheery smile, and he invariably said, "Lucky fellow, nothing to do but *fare il signore*," alluding to my living in Italy.

Sir Richard had a great deal of quiet humour. One day, going into his room with some papers for signature, I found two young ladies there, sisters of an officer who has since highly distinguished himself, and is deservedly esteemed. They were asking Sir Richard to do something for their brother which was not in his power, not being in his department. He said, "The Adjutant-General is the person to whom you must apply." They at once replied, "Then send for the Adjutant-General." This caught the fancy at once of Sir Richard, who laughed and said, "Ha, ha! Capital! send for the Adjutant-General,"—and there and then, acting on the impulse of the moment, he wrote as follows: "My dear Scarlett, I am most anxious to see you, but being detained in my room by most important business, I am unable to go to you. Will you therefore kindly step over to my room?" Presently we heard the messengers shouting out,

"Adjutant-General! Adjutant-General!" and in walked the fine stately old soldier Sir James Scarlett. Instantly one young lady placed herself against one door of entrance, and the other against another. I shall never forget the look of bewildered amazement on the Adjutant-General's face. He was simply transfixed, and said, "Airey, what *is* the meaning of this?" "It means," said Sir Richard, "that these young ladies want something from you, and it appears they are determined to have it." "Let me out, let me out," said Sir James. "They shall have what they want, only let me out," repeated Sir James very impatiently, and somewhat ungallantly, as the young ladies were very charming. The fair janitors withdrew, and Sir Richard, giving a quiet chuckle, addressed himself vigorously to work, and cleared off a whole basketful of arrears, being refreshed by this little incident.

23*d June* 1860.—The great review of 20,000 Volunteers took place this day. Great has been the excitement about it. Lord De Grey at the War Office, and I at the Horse Guards, had been up all the previous night arranging the details—no corps being allowed to be present, whose shooting-ground had not been in-

spected and passed by the Government officers appointed for that purpose. Almost the very last sanctioned was that from my own county, Clackmannanshire, and that late the previous night. Our department struck work at one o'clock; it was impossible to do any work, every one besieging us for tickets. At three o'clock I mounted and made my way to Buckingham Palace. On arriving, I found a brilliant *cortège* of officers within the gates. I was ordered to go outside with an escort of 2d Life Guards, and head the procession. Soon after four o'clock, Lord Alfred Paget came out of the Palace to know why her Majesty had not been informed that it was time to start: almost immediately after Sir Richard Airey galloped up to report everything ready. Her Majesty at once started in a carriage with the King of the Belgians, and the cavalcade was put in motion, I leading alone in front. When the Queen came out of the Palace there was vociferous cheering, which caused the Duke of Newcastle's horse to plunge violently, and he was thrown. When we came to Hyde Park Corner, the artillery on the ground saluted. The crowd was prodigious, spectators everywhere—on roofs of houses, statues, trees. Apsley House had a distinguished party in the

balcony. On entering the Park alone, I saw nothing but a sea of faces. I led slowly along the line of hurdles, behind which the people were restrained, until I arrived at the stands erected, for which fifteen thousand tickets had been issued, and on past the saluting-point, until I saw the Queen's carriage exactly opposite it. We then halted, whilst her Majesty received the salute. Her Majesty then went down the line, then returned to the saluting-point, the staff facing her on the other side. The march past lasted an hour and twenty minutes, and was magnificent. The Duke of Manchester's Kimbolton troop came first, blazing in scarlet and spotless leathers, then Loyd Lindsay's Overstone troop, then the Artillery Company. The six-foot Volunteer Guards were splendid; Victoria Rifles; the London Scottish; the St George's; the Victoria,—in short, all looked and marched well.

Some time after, meeting the Bishop of London, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, whom I have known since I was a boy, he said, "Balcarres, you must come and dine quietly with us at Fulham some day. Do not dress, but drive straight from your office and walk about the grounds." I said, "I would rather you would name a day." "Well," he said, "suppose we

say Wednesday." Accordingly we went, but I thought it better to dress, my wife going in demi-toilet. When we arrived at Fulham, the servants looked extremely surprised; but we said, "We are going to walk about the grounds." From the garden we peeped into the dining-room, and to my wife's dismay saw covers laid for about thirty people. When hesitating what to do, Mrs Tait came down, and said—

"Have you not received my note saying that there was to be a large party, and begging you to come another day?"

"No," we replied.

"Well, now, it is all right, as two excuses have just arrived."

"Oh," said my wife, "I am not in full dress."

"Never mind," replied Mrs Tait, "you will do very well. I will give you a room up-stairs."

This, it turned out, was the one the Bishop of Oxford often used when he came to the house, which he did almost immediately after, and was rather surprised to find it occupied.

The Bishop had been detained in London, and I received most of the company along with Mrs Tait. There were several colonial bishops, and as I had happened to have visited most of their

sees, I was considered to be a very clever secretary. I sat next a very charming lady, Mrs Wordsworth, the wife of the Canon of Westminster. I told her how grateful my wife felt to her for being also in a demi-toilet, a high dress. She said, "Well, in return, tell me the names of some of these great people." "Well," I said, "to commence with that gentleman opposite with the charming intellectual face,—that is Canon Wordsworth." "Oh," she said, "I know him very well; that is my husband." After dinner, I had a long talk with the Bishop of Oxford, having recently at Calcutta met his son, a very smart young fellow in the 52d Regiment. He had come to my office to report his arrival, when I received a letter from Lord Canning to send him at once to Government House. On his return I asked him what Lord Canning had said to him. "Oh, he said he was a great friend of my governor's, and that he would like to do something for me." Being an eminently practical young gentleman, young Wilberforce asked what he was going to do. Lord Canning was taken somewhat aback, and said, "You must study first and pass in the languages; and although there are very few appointments open to Queen's officers, still we must try and get you something on the

roads." This sounding rather convict-like, young Wilberforce demurred to it, and afterwards confided to me that if Lord Canning was such a friend of his governor's, he ought to make him an aide-de-camp.

The name of Wordsworth recalls to my memory having once met the poet in a railway carriage on the North-Western line, proceeding to Leamington. He was accompanied by his sister. Wordsworth asked me what I was reading, I replied, "One of Balzac's novels." He shook his head, looked pained, and said, "Bad, bad, bad!" His old sister shook hers sympathetically. Their attention, however, was soon diverted from me by a little girl, the only other occupant of the carriage, who soon after leaving a station began to cry. Both the old poet and his sister were much concerned, and began to question her as to the cause of her tears. It then appeared that the poor little thing ought to have got out at the last station, but had been asleep. Wordsworth and his sister, both actuated by the same kind intentions, put their heads out of the window, shouting, "Guard, guard! Stop, stop!" I mildly pointed out to them that they were shouting to the wind alone, and that it was very dangerous, on which they subsided; but at the next station

there was much talking to the guard on the departure of the little girl. This simple unworldly-minded old couple talked of nothing else, and left me to imbibe my poison without further remonstrance.

Having received from a mutual friend, and also a relative of Thackeray's, General Carmichael, a letter of introduction to the former, being anxious to obtain the insertion of an article in the 'Cornhill Magazine,' I wrote to him as follows :—

"DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of sending the enclosed to you, in case you might think it worthy of insertion in the 'Cornhill.' At the same time I avail myself of the opportunity to mention that some years ago I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance at Homburg, in the eventful year 1848. Perhaps you may remember a tall pale youth with an Indian liver? If not, an amusing incident may recall me to your memory. As we were walking in the Cursaal Gardens, a certain lady, who was sitting on a bench, started up and said, 'I have been in the "Satirist" before; I suppose I shall now be in "Punch."' This amused you very much. I do not know whether you gave the idea to Leech;

but I remember some time after seeing a representation of a gentleman elaborately got up coming out of an evening party, and a footman pointing to him, saying, 'That is him—that is Punch.' Since then we have met once at the Kean banquet, and once when I was dining with our mutual friend O'Dowd at the Garrick."

In answer to this I received an invitation to dinner, where I met his great friend Mr Cubitt, then Lord Mayor. I sat next to him, and was presented to him by Thackeray, who called him the Lord Mayor in the Flesh. Mr Cubitt asked me if I was in any office in London, and hearing that I was at the Horse Guards, said he was delighted to be able to ask us to a banquet. After dinner, during which Thackeray hardly opened his lips, appearing to be suffering, I found myself the last in the room, and was smelling some flowers, of which I am passionately fond, and saying to myself, "How charming!"—when Thackeray looked in, and in a good-humoured sardonic manner said, "Won't you join the ladies? You can indulge your enthusiasm at a very cheap rate in Covent Garden to-morrow morning." When we adjourned to his room for a cigar, the conversation turned upon the sad

end of one we all knew well. A clever man and a brilliant conversationalist, he was to be seen everywhere, and I specially remember him at the Coventry Club, of which we were both members. It appears he lost all his money, and was deserted by all his great and powerful friends: one poor woman of the town, an outcast, alone tended his dying couch. Thackeray spoke with infinite tenderness and compassion of this merciful act; and I recognised his largeness of mind, his benevolence, and exquisite tenderness. In his writings, and often in his conversation, he seemed by his cynicism to protest, as it were, against what he considered a weakness in his nature. In a moment he was taken away—found dead in his bed. He has left countless admirers and many sincere friends.

30*th May*.—Inaugurated our first Scots Greys' dinner. Hozier of the Greys, now at the War Office, has been hard at work about it, and it has turned out a success. The 79th Highlanders had their inauguration dinner the same night, also at the London Tavern, presided over by Lord Dalhousie. Of course we fraternised immensely. The pipers came to our room, and we danced reels to any hour in the morning.

Our City banquet came off. My wife, admir-

ing the splendour of the hall, asked questions of an unfortunate alderman sitting next her during the turtle-soup. I felt for him, as he was at a great disadvantage, she taking none. I privately begged her to wait until the soup was taken away, and related a story of former days, when aldermen were not so refined as they are supposed to be now: A lady was similarly plying an alderman with questions during the absorption of turtle-soup. The poor man answered once or twice vaguely, then laid his spoon down in despair, and said, "If you please, ma'am, will you ask me after the soup is done? I have just swallowed three pieces of green fat, and tasted ne'er a one of them." The argument was potent, and the request irresistible.

12*th December.*—Great excitement, in consequence of the beloved Prince Consort's illness and the "Trent" affair.

13*th.*—The Prince much worse. The symptoms have taken an unfavourable turn.

14*th.*—Alas! Fatal day for England! There was a more favourable bulletin in the morning, and at eleven o'clock at night our good Prince expired. When shall we see such another?

15*th.*—Third Sunday, Advent. Every one apparently stunned by the sad news. Very much

affected when in church. His name was omitted in the prayer for the Royal Family: it jarred upon one painfully. Somehow one felt that it was unnecessary, for was he not with us in spirit if not in body?

16*th.*—Her Most Gracious Majesty has borne up with wonderful calmness. After the death of the Prince, she called her children round her and addressed them in solemn and affectionate terms, saying she relied on their support.

23*d.*—A day of gloom—the funeral—every shop shut; blinds drawn down in private houses; unmistakable signs of grief on the faces of every one, from the highest to the lowest. At four, minute-guns were fired, and bells tolled. What sorrow at Windsor! one cannot bear even to think of it.

24*th.*—Nothing but the great event of yesterday discussed—a melancholy theme for Christmas Eve. Was there ever a Prince so mourned? I think not. I think a great deal of the sorrow arises from the feeling that in earlier days he was so terribly misunderstood and unappreciated; and also from that most bitter of all feelings to a generous mind, that it is now too late to let him know their regret for having so misjudged him.

27*th January* 1862.—In this morning's paper is the sad account of the recovery of the bodies from the Hartley Colliery. Only one memorial was found as follows:—

"Friday afternoon, half two o'clock. Edward Armstrong, Thomas Gledston, John Hardy, Thomas Bell, and others, took seriously ill. We all had a prayer meeting at a quarter to two o'clock, when Tibbs, Henry Sharp, H. Gibson, and W. Palmer, ——— exhorted to us again, and Sharp also."

This may stand side by side with the few sad words by the Lindsay family at the Cawnpore massacre.

The Queen, in the midst of her crushing grief, has sent the subjoined noble letter:—

"The Queen, in the midst of her own overwhelming grief, has taken the deepest interest in the mournful accident at Hartley, and up to the last had hoped that at least a considerable number of the poor people might have been recovered alive.

"The appalling news since received has afflicted the Queen very much. Her Majesty commands me to say that her tenderest sympathy is with the poor widows and mothers, and that her own

misery only makes her feel the more for them. Her Majesty hopes that everything will be done as far as possible to alleviate their distress; and her Majesty will have a sad satisfaction in assisting in such a measure. Pray let me know what is doing. (Signed) C. B. PHIPPS."

1*st May*.—The great day of the opening of the Exhibition: heavy rain in the morning; eventually a splendid day, but unusually hot for the season. Having tickets for reserved seats, we made our way to our places, exactly opposite the orchestra, where we could see everything. The first important arrival was that of the Lord Mayor and suite in gorgeous array; then the Japanese ambassadors, followed by others; then the Duchess of Cambridge and her two daughters, Duchess Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Princess Mary. Soon a flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the procession; a long pause ensued. Under the western dome an address was read, and replied to by the Duke of Cambridge; then the National Anthem was sung just over our heads. The procession moved slowly up the nave, preceded by music. Near the dais the bagpipes struck up, to the great delight evidently of the Japanese.

There was some little confusion on the platform, there being hardly room for the illustrious personages arriving; but soon appeared the Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince Oscar of Sweden, and the Duke of Cambridge. On the raised dais the following illustrious personages took post: the Duke of Cambridge; on his right the Crown Prince of Prussia, then the Archbishop of Canterbury; slightly behind were the Earl of Derby and the Lord Chamberlain, Viscount Sydney; on the Duke's left, Prince Oscar of Sweden; next to him the Lord Chancellor, then Lord Palmerston, who appeared to be chaffing the redoubtable Bethell; Lord Derby seemed occupied in frowning at the Japanese ambassadors. When they were seated the music commenced; first a march from Meyerbeer, well led by Costa—then the International Ode by Tennyson, music by Sterndale Bennett, led by Sainton. People much affected by those glorious words, "The silent father of our future kings;" concluding with a very beautiful march by Auber. Then the Duke of Cambridge got up and pronounced the Exhibition open. We felt, as doubtless all did, Would that the promoter and unwearied organiser of all this, in the face of apparently unsurmountable difficulties, had been here to do it! This was fol-

lowed by a flourish of trumpets, and a salute from artillery in Hyde Park.

I forgot to mention that before this the Bishop of London offered up a prayer, followed by a performance of the Hallelujah Chorus. After this the people wandered about everywhere, but the Exhibition is in a terribly unfinished state, packing-boxes lying about everywhere. Amongst the pictures Morland is poorly represented, and Reinagle not at all: having some very fine ones of the former master, and two of the latter, I regret I did not send them.

6th June.—I examined with great interest a book published at Cambridge by order of, and at the expense of, the Emperor of the French, purporting to be an account of various manuscripts found in the country of the North American Indians, and copying with fidelity the curious cabalistic figures, all of which are interpreted by the author. It has now transpired that these manuscripts were old copy-books of the children of some German settlers, who made some rude, and in some instances nasty, representations of boys at play, adding every now and then some German word. This led to a discovery of the manner in which the author had been hoaxed. They tried to suppress the work, but some dozen

copies, of which this is one, were distributed to the principal libraries in Europe.

17*th.*—Alas! Lord Canning dead. What an extraordinary similarity between the career of the two successive Governor-Generals of India—Lord Dalhousie and himself! Both third sons—two elder brothers having died. Lady Dalhousie died from the effects of the climate before reaching England—so did Lady Canning. Both Governor-Generals came home only to die, each having been raised a step in the peerage, which dies with them.

1*st July.*—Went to see the great Agricultural Show at Battersea Park; a wonderful affair, some eight acres covered with animals, agricultural implements, &c. Walked through rows upon rows of oxen and sheep to the vast enclosure where the horses were. Saw many gigantic stallions, some beautiful specimens of hunters and hacks, and thoroughbred horses,—amongst the latter the renowed Ellington. When amongst the polled cattle from Scotland, I saw a great crowd, and going to ascertain the cause, heard a voice saying, "Greys to the rescue! Scots Greys to the rescue!" and found my old brother officer, the Duke of Athole, in a great rage, because he said some Cockney had been insulting

one of his milkmaids. He had some dozen very handsome Scotch lassies dressed in Highland costume attending his cows: they were naturally more attractive to the Londoner than oxen or sheep.

11*th*.—The day of awarding prizes to the exhibitors, in the grounds of the Horticultural Gardens. Having a card of admission, I proceeded to the conservatory, where were already assembled the Pasha of Egypt, Earl Russell, Disraeli, all the ambassadors, &c.: presently the young Danish Prince, attended by the handsome young Captain Falbe, made his appearance; then came Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Cambridge, &c. The procession moved off to the raised dais. Here there was a regular scramble. Some of the ladies made their way up,—Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, and others. I saw the Duchess of Wellington, apparently unable to make her way, and spoke to a policeman near to help her through the crowd; so got wedged up myself, and had to proceed with the procession of exhibitors. Being in uniform I was most conspicuous, until I took refuge in the military class, headed by Sir John Burgoyne, and represented by my cousin, General Sir James Lindsay.

It was a wonderful spectacle; we marched through the entire length of the building and out by the western annexe. The vast space was literally crammed. At the conclusion of the ceremony all the bands united, and played "God save the Queen."

CHAPTER XV.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

EAST GRINSTEAD SISTERHOOD — A "SQUARSON" — ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA—A ROYAL VISIT TO THE EXHIBITION—SPEECH-DAY AT HARROW—THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

About this time I made the acquaintance of Dr Neale, the warden of Sackville College at East Grinstead, who has just set on foot an establishment of Sisters of Mercy close by. He introduced us to the Lady Superior, Miss Graeme, a handsome cheerful person. There was a very strong feeling against the sisters when they first came — the Sussex peasantry being generally strict Puritans; but on an outbreak of black fever in East Grinstead, these good sisters, two or three of whom lost their lives in consequence, fearlessly nursed the sick. Now they are adored.

There is an orphanage under their charge, the children of which looked very bright and happy. Miss Graeme, or rather Mother Anne, amused us

very much by an anecdote of one of her little darlings. In the morning they are made to say the Lord's Prayer, after that any little prayer of their own that they like. This little girl one morning had been very naughty, and Mother Anne had occasion to scold her; when, after the Lord's Prayer, she prayed very solemnly that God would make Mother Anne good, and give her a better temper.[1]

With reference to the strong Puritan cast of feeling amongst the Sussex peasantry, I remember an amusing story being told me of what happened at the church of Buckhurst, Lord Delawarr's place, "Si non e vero e ben trovato." The incumbent, Lord Delawarr's son, now the present Lord Delawarr, was most anxious that the service should be conducted on correct High Church principles. In the church itself there was every scope for it: the kneeling monuments of the Dorset family, and magnificent stained glass, &c. Every effort was made. An intoning curate with a grand voice was procured; the little boys of the parish were caught, washed and scrubbed, and put into surplices; the clergyman gave

[1] In my last interview with Mother Anne, she talked of this with the tears running down her eyes, and said, "That little darling died in my arms, very happy and so fond of me."

only ten minutes' sermons, which ought to have pleased the parishioners, but it did not: they were more and more dissatisfied, until at last the culminating point was reached when a lectern, a great big outspread eagle, was brought into the body of the church. The parishioners refused to enter, and waiting for the old lord, who they knew equally with themselves was averse to the new order of things, said, "We have a-stood a great deal, my lord, but we ain't a-going to worship that ere beast for no one."

Apropos of short sermons: there is a very eccentric old squire-parson near here, "squarson" as Sydney Smith called the class, at the parish of Cowden, nearly the whole of which he owns. He is often ill on a Sunday, on which occasions he shuts up the church, but never fails to make a Sunday of some other day in the week, much, naturally, to the inconvenience of the farmers, who, however, are afraid to offend him by not going. He always preaches with an hour-glass on the pulpit, and on one of these week-day Sabbaths, observing the congregation very impatient or drowsy, he said, turning the glass round, "My brethren, you want rousing up; I will give you another glass,"—and so saying, went in for another hour. I was present at a luncheon he gave to

the Bishop of Winchester on some occasion. The Bishop plied a very good knife and fork. Old Harvey looked at him for some time, and said, "My lord, you have a marvellous appetite—a marvellous appetite." The Bishop did not seem to relish his remark.

7th March.—Entry of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark into London. At 7.30 I started, in company with some two hundred of my fellow-citizens, from Hungerford in a fast Woolwich steamer, with a view of meeting the royal squadron. It was a cold, cheerless morning. However, all on board looked happy by anticipation. After passing London Bridge the river presented a most animated appearance, every vessel being gaily decked out with flags. When we arrived at Gravesend we found everything in order, and every one at his post. The magnificent frigate Emerald lay close to the pier. The pier, being dressed all round, looked like a long telescope, at the mouth of which sat elegantly dressed ladies and officials in full uniform. Every ship was bedecked with flags, also every building in Gravesend. The sun was good enough to put in an appearance, and fought hard with his adversaries, wind and rain, who did not gain their victory until the Princess was actually in

the railway-carriage at Paddington on her way to Windsor. Two or three other steamers accompanied us, crowded to the very funnels with passengers, who must have been in great peril; but who cared on such an occasion?

We soon left Gravesend behind us, and on rounding a bend in the river were gratified by a sight of the squadron, the royal yacht in advance, attended by the smaller steam-yachts, and escorted by H.M.S. Warrior and another man-of-war. They kept regular distance, and advanced with the precision of a body of troops. We waited until the royal yacht was alongside of us, then turned round and joined company, at the same time giving a volley of British cheers,—a right good substitute for the artillery, which hitherto had been deafening us all.

The noise we made created some commotion on board the royal yacht, as doubtless did our alarmingly gorged appearance, for our steamer was swaying to and fro in a most portentous manner. First one illustrious personage appeared from the glass round-house on deck, then another and another,—mother, brother, sisters,—until at last appeared the Princess herself, led out by her father, who retired and left her alone on the deck. She had no bonnet or shawl on, a plain

dark morning-dress on, hair simply braided, not an ornament anywhere,—a brilliant colour in her cheeks, waving her pocket-handkerchief, and bowing her thanks to us. She was evidently both surprised and gratified by this the first homage from her future subjects.

Our party was excited to frenzy, for we felt that we had her all to ourselves, and many of us were not ashamed to show that emotion prevented a second outburst of loyalty. Now the attention of all was directed to the magnificent sight of the Emerald and other men-of-war with their yards manned, the men standing out on the yards motionless as lay figures, a man also on the top of each mast. Meanwhile the royal yacht was rapidly nearing the pier, and in a few seconds she was made fast. In a trice all the steamers or small craft, ourselves included, were after her, much as you see a shoal of porpoises following a whale; and on we drove, madly steaming, whistling, and snorting.

We secured a good place in the *mêlée*, commanding a view of the gangway leading between the pier and the yacht. The Prince of Wales hurried on board; the Princess first made a dart out of the deck-cabin to meet him, then shyly retired, then finally came out slowly and met him

outside. The Prince took his hat off, and solemnly embraced her. This excited the population to rapture, especially the female portion. The Prince and Princess then retired, and for some half-hour we only saw distinguished personages passing to and fro on the gangway. All this time, in order to obtain a good view, I was standing on the funnel, holding on by a blow-pipe, which sent volumes of hot steam into my face. Every now and then the soles of my feet became so hot that I was obliged to jump off to cool myself. At last the party landed. After witnessing this we bore up for London Bridge.

To our great delight we found that the procession had not passed yet, so we waited in the steamer, and had the satisfaction of seeing the cavalcade, rendered gorgeous by the Mansion-House equipages, pass over London Bridge, which was magnificently decorated, no expense having been spared. The statues of the kings of Denmark were really artistic; incense was burned in vases; four or five boys bestrode the Duke of Wellington's horse at the Exchange, which had a comical effect; the city police entirely broke down; the people had it all their own way, and behaved in the most gentlemanly, gallant manner. The only inconvenient demonstration made was

an attempt to take out the horses from the Prince's carriage and drag it, which Lord Alfred Paget had great difficulty in preventing. His imperturbable good-humour did more than anything else towards forcing a passage for the procession.

After seeing the pageant at London Bridge, we steamed up to Hungerford Bridge, from whence I hoped to join my party, who were in Pall Mall. This I found, however, to be utterly impracticable, so went by water to Westminster, and cut across the park. I found myself without any trouble opposite Lord Palmerston's house, in the garden of which I recognised Lord and Lady Palmerston, Lord Shaftesbury, the Duke of Somerset, Lady Jocelyn, &c. Very soon again the procession passed before me, and I had a good view of the Princess. She has very animated pleasing features, and evidently great self-possession. When opposite Lord Palmerston's house she naturally viewed the party there with great interest, and bowed most graciously; but she did not forget to turn round to us, the mob on the other side, immediately afterwards.

It appeared to me but the other day since her father and I were students together at Bonn,

and rode together; but this I have recounted at length in a foregoing part of the book. So far my adventures had been prosperous. Success had made me bold, and I endeavoured to get into Hyde Park and see the volunteers; but alas! I was caught in a most terrific squeeze. I emerged from it in a state easier imagined than described, torn, heated, dishevelled, like an ill-conditioned pancake; whilst above me, on the balcony of Apsley House, were my brother's daughters, with their aunt the Duchess of Wellington, looking on complacently, little imagining that their beloved uncle was nearly sacrificed in what appeared great fun to them.

Years after I nearly suffered a similar fate in the Piazza del Duomo at Milan, on the occasion of the Emperor of Germany's visit to Italy. Remembering what had happened, I shouted out: "Let no one stir for a few moments for your lives' sake!" and, strange to say, no one did, and the lives of several people were saved. Out of Italy I do not believe this could have happened, but there a mob is not only invariably well ordered, but most intelligent. I may add that at the squeeze opposite Apsley House one person was killed.

Thursday, 10th March.—The marriage-day.

Such a fog in London — a hopeless fog: you could not see your hand before you. However, in the country the weather was lovely—at Windsor especially so. In London all day gloomy, with occasional rain. About seven o'clock the rain ceased, and we started in a hansom cab to see the illuminations. We moved at the rate of about an inch every quarter of an hour, and in three hours and a half accomplished about a mile. The illuminations at Poole the tailor's, they say, cost £500.

When the Danish royal party went away, on their arrival at Dover the Mayor and Corporation presented an address. Little Princess Thyra said, clapping her hands, "Now, mamma, we have got something for ourselves—Alex. is not here."

12*th June*.—I witnessed by chance this morning a most deeply interesting sight. The Queen paid a visit to the Exhibition building. She arrived at 10.30 in a closed carriage, accompanied by Princesses Helena and Louise. She was received at the western dome by the Duke of Buccleuch, Earl Derby, Disraeli, Gladstone, and others; some twenty or thirty people were gathered together at the door. The Princesses got out of the carriage first, then came the Queen

in the deepest mourning. She walked slowly up to the entrance; the great doors were thrown open, and for an instant we saw her stand at the entrance, as if overpowered with her emotion. What must have been her thoughts, thus visiting for the first time the building planned and called into existence by her late dearly loved husband? She must have thought—oh, how sadly!—under what different auspices she might have visited it. I was overcome with emotion, so suggestive was this touching scene. What a contrast to the pomp and pageantry of the great ceremonial! But I was more pleased to have witnessed this royal visit. The scene will never be obliterated from my memory.

2*d July*.—Harrow speech-day. There were not so many celebrities as usual. Lord Palmerston laid up with gout, to the great disappointment of all, as he rarely missed an attendance—riding down from London. Lord Clarendon was there, very proud of his son, Lord Hyde, who took part in a recitation from Molière: his French accent was perfect. The English prize poem was won by the Marquis of Bute; subject—"The Black Prince." Poor fellow! he was prevented by illness from reciting it. This is said to be the first time the prize has been won by a Lower School

boy. As the people left, the names of celebrities were shouted out—amongst others the Bishop. The Bishop of Durham, I think, made his bow, when the boys shouted out "No, no—Colenso!" who at last showed himself. Dr Temple of Rugby also received an ovation.

8*th July*.—Went to Wimbledon to see the public schools shooting-match. The Ashburton Shield had been won by Eton, and now they were contending for Earl Spencer's Cup. There was great excitement; General Hay from Hythe was watching the contest keenly. There were several good shots; but the hero and winner of the prize was a Winchester boy—Deedes, son of the late M.P., the smallest in stature amongst the lot. Such a clean, cool-looking boy; blue eyes and light hair; quite refreshing to look at in this hot weather; he never was flustered for an instant, nor was he too long in firing. He made four bull's-eyes in succession, then an outer, and finally a fifth bull's-eye. There was great cheering; the boy was surrounded, captured, and chaired. However, he managed to slip away—apparently afraid of being kissed by the young ladies who crowded round him.

18*th December*.—Boulogne.—Paid a visit to the barracks: went to the commandant's, who

accompanied me to the quarters occupied by the 8th Battalion Chasseurs de Vincennes — a very smart corps. We first visited the armourer's shop: the rifles made in the regiment appeared to me clumsy. We then went through the bedrooms: not too crowded, very clean and airy, ventilators in the windows. Each bed had two strong warm brown blankets, and in cold weather every man is allowed to spread his greatcoat on his bed; but for this a special order is necessary. On shelves hung down the middle of the room, hung by iron rods, to prevent depredations by mice and rats, the men are allowed to place their bread. I saw men smoking in the rooms, but was told that ostensibly it was not allowed. The quartermaster's stores were very good and neatly kept; the whole clothing of the regiment is supplied from these. One room is marked "washerwoman's," another "*vivandière.*" In one room were all the vegetables for the day's consumption; another room was set apart for fencing; another was marked *Salle de Box.* Here several pictures of our great pugilists were hung up. Each company had an outhouse under lock and key, where the meat for the day was kept. The kitchen was in very good order: here the men were always obliged to wear *sabots,*

to prevent their feet getting wet. Men suffering from small local complaints are retained in rooms in barracks set apart for them, and not sent to hospital.

11*th April* 1864.—The entry of Garibaldi into London. A glorious day; hot as summer. The crowd in the streets enormous. The mob took forcible possesion of poor Charles I. at Charing Cross, also of Nelson as far as they could reach up to him. We could not get any work done in the Horse Guards—every one rushing to the windows overlooking Charing Cross to see if he was coming. About 4 o'clock some processions passed with banners. At 5 o'clock there was nothing more to be seen, and we had a long wait until 6.30. After office hours I walked towards Parliament Street. The windows of all the Government offices were occupied by illustrious statesmen and their families; at one window in the Treasury sat Lady Palmerston and Delane, the editor of the 'Times.'

Garibaldi appeared quite astounded at his reception. All classes, from the highest to the lowest, participated in it. His smile is very sweet, and lightens up his expression, which is otherwise a very sad one. It is said that he has always before his eyes "Anita his wife, and the

Ravenna marshes." After a short stay he suddenly left England, the alleged reason being that his health is breaking down under all this excitement. Many people are furious, especially those who wished to parade him in the provinces. They hint, and more than hint — nay, openly state, that it is a political move; that the Emperor of the French had spoken to Lord Clarendon to that effect. To these absurd rumours Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, and Lord Granville, in the House of Lords, have given a distinct denial. Doubtless, however, they are not sorry to see him go.

Garibaldi went to Cornwall and stayed with his old friend Colonel Peard, and then embarked for Caprera in the Duke of Sutherland's yacht Ondine.

16*th July*.—Went with Mr Lindsay, M.P. for Sunderland, the famous shipowner, and Mr Ayrton, member for the Tower Hamlets, to Shepperton, the lovely place on the banks of the Thames belonging to the former. My acquaintance with Mr Lindsay commenced in our office, whither he had come on business. About that time I was much interested in collecting photographs of the Lindsay clan, my mother's family,

and had received many from all parts of the world, along with details of their family, which proved deeply interesting to my cousin, Lord Lindsay, the accomplished compiler of the 'Lives of the Lindsays.' From Mr Lindsay I received so interesting an account of his own life while sitting under the shade of his magnificent beeches at Shepperton, that I am tempted to transfer it to these pages. He began by telling an anecdote of himself as follows:—

"When I was at the very height of my prosperity, I was asked at a public dinner to second some proposal. The chairman, a noble lord, who spoke first, commenced by giving a full and complete account of his own great and glorious family. When it came to my turn to speak, I said: The noble lord who has preceded me has given you a long account of his noble ancestry; I consider that I ought to follow his good example. Some years ago I was travelling in the Highlands with a friend, a Presbyterian minister, when he stopped at an inn. The ostler ran out to hold the horse, and my friend said, 'Lindsay, jump down and try the Athole brose here.' The ostler said, in a dreamy way, 'Lindsay—Lindsay—I kent that chiel weel when he was a wee bit laddie. His faither was a respectable body.'

That, gentlemen, I said, is all I know about my ancestors."

Mr Lindsay then gave me these further details: "Not being comfortable at home, I ran away when quite a boy with three and sixpence in my pocket. I worked my way up to Liverpool in a collier. There I remained for some time literally begging my bread, and sleeping under the seats and in the sheds on the pier. On one of these I cut my initials, and some twenty-five years afterwards, when during the Crimean war I was managing the transport department for the Emperor of the French, I one day went down to Liverpool and there saw on a bench the initials I had cut when a poor boy begging my bread at Liverpool. I succeeded in shipping myself as a cabin-boy on board an East India ship. In ten years I rose to the command of a ship; but during that time had been terribly knocked about. I received two or three sabre-wounds, and had my leg broken. On the latter occasion I came home as midshipman. When the ship was in the docks, the owner, a very wealthy man, came down to see it, and noticed me lying in my berth with a broken leg. He took me up in his own carriage to Sir Astley Cooper, brought me back again, and gave me a five-pound note,

telling me to remain in London until another of his ships came in, as the one I was serving in was going out at once. For twenty-five years I never saw this man again, when a ship of his was consigned to me from the West Indies. It was a standing rule with me that no ship should be delivered up to the owners until all the dock and custom dues and fines were paid. In this case such had not been done, consequently the ship, with a very valuable cargo of sugar, worth about £40,000, was detained. Upon this the owner wrote a note to me, asking for a private interview, which I at once granted. On his entering the room I recognised him immediately as my *quondam* benefactor. He had, however, lost all recollection of me. He said, 'My name is probably not unknown to you as a wealthy West India merchant; but owing to the terrible depression in the West India trade, I am absolutely at present unable to raise two thousand pounds to pay the various charges. If I cannot realise this valuable cargo within a certain time, I must become bankrupt.' I replied briefly, that I was very sorry; but that the rules laid down must be adhered to, and the money paid before the ship was delivered to him. The old man was dreadfully distressed at this, and sat with his

head in his hands, foreseeing nothing but ruin. After a pause I resumed, 'Although I cannot waive the rule in your favour, I can lend you two thousand pounds privately, and you can repay me at your convenience.' At this unexpected piece of good fortune the old man was quite overcome, and expressed his warm thanks. I replied, 'One good turn deserves another.' 'What *do* you mean?' said the owner in astonishment. I then made myself known to him as the midshipman with the broken leg, to whom he had been so kind. The poor old man burst into tears. He got his valuable cargo released, and eventually thereby recovered his credit and became again a wealthy man."

At dinner I found myself sitting next a very silent person. Mr Lindsay, from the top of the table, observing that we did not converse much, said, "You have the redoubtable Captain Semmes of the Alabama next you, and he is not feeling very comfortable after his little affair." He is exactly what I had pictured to myself,—a slight spare man; face and hands deeply browned by exposure to the sun; lantern-jawed; grizzled hair, though quite a young man; moustache stiffly standing out; eyes rather fierce, and truculent greenish hue; very upright in his carriage, and

very reserved in manner; talks a little when drawn out, then stalks off with the haughty carriage of a Red Indian, as if annoyed at having been forced to speak. He was dressed all in black, and constantly engaged in whittling (*Anglicè*, cutting a stick). He told me that he had captured some eighty-three ships, burning twenty-five, and releasing the others on bond. Mr Mason, the great Confederate leader, was also at dinner—a very-different-looking person, comfortable and social. Sir Patrick Colquhoun, late chief judge of Corfu, was another of the party, and made himself very agreeable.

At some other dinner-party I met Sir Emerson Tennent, who told a story that made a deep impression on me. I remember repeating it to Catherine Sinclair, and, if I remember rightly, she narrated it afterwards in 'Chambers' or some other journal. It was as follows: An old clergyman, one of the first numismatists in Great Britain, was on his way to the British Museum to examine the collection of coins. On his way there, in some obscure street—he did not remember afterwards where it was—he bought a coin, which he pocketed with eagerness. On his arrival at the British Museum he found that the usual guardian of the coins was absent from his post; but one of

the superior officials, knowing the old clergyman well by name as a distinguished numismatist, volunteered to show the collection to him, and asked which he would particularly like to see. The old gentleman said at once, that of the Saxon King Offa; upon which the official smiled, and said, "I thought as much: of course you are aware that it is priceless; it being unique, the only one known to exist." The clergyman made no remark on this, and the collection was brought out. After looking attentively at this and others, the official asked the clergyman to help him to put them back, as, not being the usual guardian, he was not up to the work. This was accordingly done. Just as the old gentleman was going, having expressed his thanks, the official ran his eye over the tray containing the precious King Offa, when, to his consternation, it was not in its place. "Holloa!" he said, "will you come back, sir? King Offa has disappeared." After most diligent search, it was not to be found, whereupon the official waxed warm, and said, "Sir, either you or I must have it, and I propose that a third person be called and our pockets searched." At this moment the rightful guardian appeared. The old gentleman, however, stoutly opposed exhi-

biting his pockets. In the meantime the newcomer, turned the coins all out, and discovered the missing coin underneath another. It had stuck to it, some glutinous matter being on it.

Great were the rejoicings, and profuse the apologies on the part of the first guardian, who, however, expressed his astonishment at the unwillingness of the clergyman to show his pockets. "This was the reason," he replied, putting his hand in and taking out another coin of King Offa; "you will not now wonder at my objection. The dreadful thought flashed across me, that if this was discovered—it being believed, and I having tacitly admitted, that there was no other coin in existence of King Offa—nothing could save me. I picked it up by mere accident in an obscure street, which I should never be able to trace again. Being a stranger in London, you will allow, sir, that I had strong reasons for declining to be searched."

A similar but more pathetic story occurs to my mind, which was related to me by an old officer. At the annual Waterloo banquet, the Duke of Wellington, after dinner, handed round for inspection a very valuable presentation snuff-box set with diamonds. After a time it disappeared, and could nowhere be found. The Duke

was much annoyed. The guests, as may be imagined, were still more so (there being no servants in the room at the time), and they all agreed to turn out their pockets. To this one old officer most vehemently objected, and on their pressing the point, left the room, notwithstanding that the Duke begged that nothing more might be said about the matter. Of course suspicion fell on the old officer,—nobody seemed to know much about him or where he lived.

The next year the Duke, at the annual banquet, put his hand in the pocket of his coat, which he had not worn since the last dinner, and there was the missing snuff-box. The Duke was dreadfully distressed, found out the old officer, who was living in a wretched garret, and apologised to him. "But why," said his Grace, "did you not consent to what the other officers proposed, and thus have saved yourself from the terrible suspicion?" "Because, your Grace, my pockets were full of broken meat I had contrived to put there to save my wife and family, who were at that time literally dying of starvation." The Duke, it is said, sobbed like a child; and it need not be added that the old officer and his family suffered no more from want after that day.

A similar story is related in one of Horace

Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann. The person who loses his snuff-box is General Wade, in a public gaming-house. The person who refuses to have his pockets searched is also an officer, but a disreputable one, and the broken victuals are for himself, not for his wife and starving family. Mine is therefore far more interesting.

30*th August.*—To-morrow, alas! being my last day at the Horse Guards, I went to take leave of his Royal Highness. Nothing could be more gratifying than his reception of me. He said: "Major Ramsay, I regret extremely, by the rules of the service, being obliged to part with you. What can I do for you?" As I had heard of no appointment vacant, I merely said I hoped at some future period to be employed again. The Duke then shook hands with me, and said: "Major Ramsay, your conduct here—indeed your whole military career—has been most satisfactory."

Here is a delicious story, told me by an old lady whom I met somewhere, which has cheered me up in my sorrow. When a girl she used to dine with her parents at an annual Christmas dinner given by Mr Murray of Albemarle Street to his literary friends: D'Israeli the elder, and his family, were always there. After dinner, the

children were allowed to play a round game together; but after the first year they all refused to play with Master Ben because he cheated so. Evidently at a very early age he was determined to gain the mastery, and, of course, at that age had no scruples. He must then have foreshadowed what he is reputed to have said of his great political rival—viz., that he was undoubtedly a great man, but never could be a successful politician, because he was overburdened with principle and had not one redeeming vice!

9th September.—Off to Trouville to try and get rid of my melancholy. It was the height of the season, hardly a room to be had anywhere. At the Hotel de Paris the landlord charged very high for a wretched attic. I expostulated; he only shrugged his shoulders, and said the season was so short and that he must live. I told him that I did not see any necessity for his doing so. He was charmed with my answer; said I could not be an Englishman, as the remark was thoroughly French—which indeed it was, being the answer Talleyrand gave to a suppliant; and it had the good effect of procuring me a better room, and also of putting myself into a better humour. The scene on the beach was most animated, every one sitting on chairs, working

knitting or reading, and all talking, — every instant a dripping naiad passing, returning to the dressing-sheds. A great many of the young ladies wore Scotch caps, with tartan bands and feathers, and had canes in their hands.

Close to Granville, going down-hill in a loaded diligence, we came in contact with a heavy cart —upset it, horse and all—and were only saved ourselves by the big wheel of the cart supporting us as we toppled over. It was a work of difficulty extracting A—— from the *coupé*. Just as we had got her head outside the window, the great foot of a *gros commis-voyageur*, who was trying to descend from the *banquette*, and feeling his way cautiously, not able to find any support for his feet, on account of the carriage lying on one side, descended on her head, and a voice of satisfaction from above was heard saying, "Me voilà donc bien placé." A young courteous Frenchman who was standing by said, "Take care! you are treading on the lady's head." "Oh," said the voice above, "this is no time for ceremony," and helped himself down accordingly. I must say, however, that when he found himself safely on *terra firma* he did not forget to take his hat off,—a proceeding which in France atones for any inconvenience inflicted.

It is a lovely drive from Granville to Avranches, and the views in the neighbourhood of Mont St Michel in the distance, are perhaps some of the most striking in France. The country is richly cultivated and well wooded. The river flashes through it until it reaches a broad estuary of the sea, beyond which Mont St Michel stands proudly out. Just now the tides are at spring, and the sea surrounds the mount, which renders the picture still more attractive. It looked very different on the occasion of our visit to it, on a gloomy day. It was considered unsafe to cross the sands after the late storms, so we had to go an immense way round until we came to the Pont d'Orson road, from which there is a tramway across the sands. Here we had the gloomy-looking fort right in front of us, in all its awful grandeur, rising apparently out of the sea; to the left a dismal-looking river dividing Normandy from Brittany, and hardly distinguishable from the sands; all around mist and gloom, which seemed to us to harmonise well with the unearthly aspect of the place. In these gloomy dungeons prisoners used to be confined, but the dungeons are now disused. It was found that proper supervision could not be exercised over the prisoners, that murders were constantly com-

mitted amongst them, and that the soldiers who looked after them occasionally killed themselves from sheer disgust and *ennui*.

From Avranches we went to Mortain—the artists' paradise. Though so well known in France as such, and within a few hours of Avranches, I could obtain little or no information about it. Nothing can be more exquisite than the scenery as you approach Mortain,—on either side fantastic rocks, down which flow cascades, with enchanting glimpses of the Campagna beyond. The view from the heights opposite, on the summit of which there are a burial-ground and chapel, is charming: on one side a rocky heather country like the Highlands in Scotland; on another all the richness and fertility as seen from the White Horse on the Berkshire Downs; again, on another, Italy with all its beauty.

Mr Knight in his work on Normandy says: "The whole scene put me in mind of Italy and of Tivoli, and the cascades above helped to keep up the resemblance." We went over the collegiate establishment. The priest who showed us the place said there were two English boys who had not gone home for the holidays—would we go and see them? which we gladly consented to do. Over the door of their room the poor

boys had written, "Poverty Place: English spoken here by the inhabitants." They were, however, very jolly-looking boys, and as happy as could be under the circumstances, all their comrades being away. From Mortain we drove to Fougères. The conductor of the diligence told me that an Englishman was never seen here, and that there was a little English boy at the Jesuits' College who always looked out when the diligence passed in the hope of seeing a compatriot, which he never did—would I *saluer* him? I looked out for him and nodded to him, which seemed to gratify him.

From Fougères we proceeded to Vitré, Madame de Sévigné's residence. We had great difficulty in seeing Les Rochers, her house, and only succeeded when the family had gone out for the day. There is a very fine portrait of her in it by Mignard. Hence we went by rail to Rennes, a handsome town. We drove out to see the famous forest near, quite worthy of the name. Then on to Dinan, in which we put up in a comfortable *pension* kept by a Mrs Barr, the widow of an old Waterloo officer, the hotels being uncomfortable. We were delighted with the chateau of La Garaye, immortalised by the pen of Mrs Norton, who stayed in this house when

she wrote the poem. We were assured that she never even went to see the chateau, and wrote it in the chill autumn, with the shutters closed, and before a blazing fire. The Abbey of Lehon, close by, is also well worth a visit. I was very much struck with the resemblance of Dinan to that of Cuneo, near Turin.

Of course we made an excursion to Combourg, where Chateaubriand lived. The castle stands close to the town, overhanging the road—a bleak dreary-looking place, quite out of repair. There is a grand old staircase on the exterior, and two large towers on either side. Every room looked more dreary than another. The room where he sat is a very small one, lighted only by small niches of windows. Over the mantelpiece is his likeness and a crucifix. On the table was a basketful of the cards of visitors; on the top was Mr Lambert of Dysertmore. One of the Frenchmen caught a sight of it and shouted out, "A tu vu Lambert?" and soon all the French cried in chorus, "Où est Lambert?" This was a popular cry in Paris at that time, no one knew why.

We made another most interesting excursion to Lamballe and the chateau of Hunaudaye. At the former place there is a very fine Gothic cathedral. The latter was almost inaccessible,

and we had to leave our carriage and walk some distance up a splendid avenue of trees. The castle is a magnificent pile. Its vastness does not at once strike you, as it stands low in a deep moat. The only other castle of the same size that I have seen is that of Bracciano, near Rome, which Sir Walter Scott went to see in the last year of his life, 1832.

Our next excursion was down the Rance to St Malo. It reminded me of the Elbe. We went to the Hotel de France, where Chateaubriand was born, and whence we saw the island where he is buried. In his last will he begged that no monument or inscription might be put over his tomb, only a cross to show that a Christian was buried there. Crossed over to Dinard, and thence back to Dinan.

On our return to Paris we visited the cathedrals of Le Mans and Chartres, both very fine, Chartres especially; but I still adhere to my first love—Rheims.

On arrival in London I received the following letter from my old friend the Bishop of Bond Street, whom men of the past generation will remember well:—

"My kind Soul,—Your letter of t'other day

pleased me much, and your photo is good,—I only wish the one I send you was as good. The only fault in it, it is not *honest* enough. Your account of the Irish anecdote is a 'good un.' I hope you're well is the prayer of your faithful servant, THE BISHOP.

"If you want a gun you know where to *cum* —*pax vobiscum.*"

CHAPTER XVI.

TOUR IN SPAIN.

EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE—BARCELONA—TARRAGONA—A PROCESSION — VALENCIA — MALAGA — A BULL-FIGHT— GRANADA — SEVILLE — SIR GEORGE POMEROY COLLEY.

March 1866. — Off to Spain to escape our dearly beloved east winds. Kingsley says somewhere that if a man is sound physically and morally the east wind is delightful to him. I must frankly confess that, being neither, I cannot contest the accuracy of his theory; all I know is that I detest it. "Wind in the east is good for neither man nor beast," is a saying popular to every nation.

Found the attendance and cookery at the Grand Hotel at Paris first-rate. *Apropos* of cookery, Lord Cowley gave us a dish at the embassy, a present from the Turkish ambassador, composed of a *purée* of the breasts of chickens, with a sauce of cream and rose-water. It was perfect.

After leaving Paris, our first halt was at Dijon, Hotel du Parc, old-fashioned, but very comfortable. We had a bright sunshine, but oh, what a cold wind!—that of Edinburgh was a joke to it. Dijon is not now so much visited by strangers as it deserves to be. At Lyons we found it still colder. What a glorious view from the public gardens! On a clear day Mont Blanc may be seen.

Our next halt was at Montpellier, where we found the well-known Hotel Nevet so much to our liking that we stayed some days. Madame Nevet is a Flemish woman, and was in service at Dessin's, formerly Quillac's, famous hotel at Calais during our army of occupation there, and amused me by some of her stories of the officers. The climate of Montpellier is a very treacherous one. It is now almost abandoned by invalids, on account of the dreaded *mistral;* but otherwise it is a very pleasant place, and the Musée Fabre contains some good pictures. First and foremost are twenty or thirty magnificent Greuzes. Curiously enough, also the Praying Samuel by Sir Joshua Reynolds—how did it find its way here?—and others. There is an excellent school of medicine here, well attended by foreigners. Hence we made an excursion to the famous old town of Nismes,

and hastened at once to the grand amphitheatre. Murray says it is far better preserved externally than the Coliseum at Rome. The interior is certainly not so well preserved, but is being restored by Government—in questionable taste, however, I think. They have discovered a canal which runs quite round the building. This was probably used by the Romans to flood the arena for their nautical shows. I observed private marks, family marks, on several of the seats. We then went to see the lovely Maison Carrée, "a gem of architecture," as Murray rightly designates it. It ought to be put under a glass case.

From Montpellier we proceeded to Perpignan, which we reached in the evening. A long drive from the station,—passed along apparently endless narrow streets, then over a drawbridge, then through a small open piazza with Moorish pillars, up a very narrow street, just room sufficient for the omnibus to pass and no more. In this our hotel was situated. We entered a thoroughly Spanish-looking courtyard, and were received by a Spanish-looking smiling landlady. We found our rooms cool, large, and matted, like those in India. I hurried off to secure the *coupé* of the diligence for Gerona in Spain, from which

there is rail to Barcelona. On my return to the inn the waiter came in to say that an English gentleman wished to speak to me; and ushered in a tall distinguished-looking elderly man, who said that, hearing that English travellers were in the hotel, he had come to propose that we should take a carriage together for Barcelona. I expressed my regret that having already secured the *coupé* of the diligence we could not do so; but at the same time could assure him from former experience that we should be better off in a public conveyance. As, however, he appeared to be most anxious to get on to Barcelona as soon as possible, on account of his wife's delicate health, I offered to give up to him two of the three seats I had taken in the *coupé*, and take my seat in the *banquette*. This he accepted with gratitude.

After a few minutes' conversation with him I ascertained that he was an American, and I also felt convinced that he was some one of distinction from his bearing and manner. Meeting his courier soon after, I asked him the name of his master, saying that I was sure he was an American, and thought that he was also an ex-President. My conjecture proved to be right, as he was no less a person than Mr Fill-

more, ex-President of the United States—a man universally respected and beloved at home and abroad, by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

We were fortunate enough to travel together throughout the greater part of Spain. A more agreeable companion, or a more single-hearted, true, thoroughbred gentleman — in the proper acceptation of the word — it has seldom been our fate to meet. During the weeks that we were thrown together in intimate companionship, he was invariably pleasant and kindly in his manners—totally unruffled by the numerous *désagréments* of travel in Spain; nor on the other hand elated by the many attentions forced upon him by the consuls of America and the authorities of the towns, who became aware of his presence there. He never alluded to himself; and with some difficulty we gleaned from him some interesting particulars as to his reception in England and France, which was most cordial: also as to the fact of the electric telegraph having first been brought to the notice of Congress by him, after the inventor had failed to secure attention for it in England. As public men are public property, perhaps Mr Fillmore[1] will for-

[1] Alas! now one of the majority.

give me for this casual mention of one whose companionship during our tour in Spain was so agreeable to us, and of whose kindly and courteous manners we entertain so lively a recollection. When informing Mr Fillmore that I had made the necessary arrangements to hand over two of our seats in the *coupé* to himself and Mrs Fillmore, I told him that we were extremely glad to have it in our power, although in so small a way, to show the respect in which his name was held in England. For no President worked harder to preserve the *entente cordiale* between England and America than he did; and during his term of office several questions of importance arose, requiring great tact and delicacy of handling in their discussion,—on all of which his cordiality to England was evident. More than once with a hostile President war must have arisen.

On the 23d March how gloriously blue was the sky at Perpignan!—a foretaste of the many sunny days we were to enjoy in Spain. The town is very picturesque—thoroughly Spanish in its character. We peeped into a most lovely garden attached to a convent, and sketched on the ramparts the fine old citadel—one of great strength. The rays of the sun very powerful. Perpignan is thoroughly Spanish in its char-

acter—in fact it was not permanently united to France until the treaty of the Pyrenees was made in 1659. The cathedral was founded by a king of Majorca.[1]

We started by diligence for Spain, the land of romance. Having given up my seats in the *coupé* to our distinguished fellow-travellers, I was fortunate in securing a corner in the *banquette*. The road for some way traverses a wide uninteresting plain; but as we gradually approached the Pyrenees, we obtained a fine view of the Canigou, the highest mountain in the eastern range. The first town we came to was Boulou, on the river Tech. The stream is here crossed by a handsome bridge, and soon after we commenced the ascent of the pass Col de Perthus, and most gloriously beautiful it is. The weather was magnificent, and the colouring of the rocks and the cork-trees presented a spectacle not easily forgotten: on the summit stands the fort of Bellegarde, constructed by Louis XIV. At the little village of Perthus, the last French town, a mounted carabineer accompanied us to La Junquera, the first Spanish town.

We halted at the *douane*, where everything was taken off the carriage and a vigorous search made: I fancy, however, that they were more

[1] Murray's Guide-Book.

civil than usual. The soldiers were fine-looking fellows, very like Austrians. One of the officers standing by asked me if I understood Spanish. From my knowledge of Italian I made out what he said, and nodded assent. He then asked if it was true that Mr Fillmore was President of the United States. I contrived to make him understand that he had been. They regarded him with great respect, — though evidently rather puzzled by his helping to unstrap and open his own portmanteaus.

We were glad to get away from this hot hole; and our conductor drove at a furious pace through the streets and all the way to Figueras, which we reached about nine o'clock at night. Oh, what a filthy place! On emerging from our respective dens in the diligence, we found no one to show us the way to the inn, and we were surrounded by filthy children. The ex-President, who seems to have a considerable deal of dry humour about him, said—"At all events, let us get out of the way of these little nosegays." Accordingly, through filthy courtyards we made our way up-stairs; but alas! no preparation for supper; and we found that we had to wait for a second diligence, which was to leave Perpignan some two hours after us. The people of the hotel were Italians. Most of

the hotels in Spain—in the principal towns—are kept by Italians or French, sometimes Swiss; but rarely by the natives themselves.

As we were not to leave until midnight, I wandered about the streets. No one to be seen but some "solitary individuals wrapped in their cloaks," as Sala, in his amusing letters from Madrid, published in the 'Daily Telegraph,' calls them. At midnight we got under way; and oh, what misery I endured in the *banquette!*—or *coupé*, as they call that exalted region in Spain. It was very small; and as the night was cold and stormy, we were obliged to let down the German shutters in front of us. The stench immediately became overpowering—garlic the least offensive component part. There were four of us in the *banquette.* Behind, on the roof amongst the luggage, were ever so many contraband passengers stowed away, taken up on the road, not regularly booked; also a dog—the canine odour being far the least offensive. I kept a pane of glass opposite me open as long as I could; but it blew a perfect hurricane, and at last I was obliged to put it up. Thank goodness, I sank into profound sleep, overcome by the miasma around me, and only awoke to find the diligence rattling into Gerona.

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In one of the narrow streets we met a cart. Such swearing! such gesticulation on both sides! Our driver was obliged to get down and unhook one of our three horses driven abreast, and then we dashed past the cart at an awful pace—not a hair's-breadth between us. While the driver was off his seat, one of the other horses got restive: when he had resumed his post, and had safely piloted us past the cart, he turned round and asked us which was the horse that had misbehaved itself. On being told, he abused it in the vilest language, and thrashed it for several minutes—during which time the swaying to and fro of our huge diligence in the narrow streets was awful. We were very glad to find ourselves in the waiting-room of the railway station at about six o'clock in the morning; but it was a weary, tedious *trajet* to Barcelona after such a night. There are stations almost every five minutes. The line is along the sea-coast.

We were very much disappointed with the first appearance of Barcelona. It was a greyish day, and the tall chimneys of the manufactories in the suburbs made one feel rather as if about to enter one of our manufacturing towns in the north than a romantic town in Spain. Barcelona,

however, is not a romantic town; there are few traditions of the past. It is a busy prosaic seaport, with more life and activity in it than in any other town in Spain. This may be accounted for by its proximity to France and its special advantages as a seaport. A grey English morning, numerous tall chimneys close to the railway station, signs of a busy manufacturing town, a dark-looking boisterous sea, all combined to depress our spirits; but when we found ourselves in comfortable apartments in the Hotel de las Cuatro Naciones, looking on the Rambla, crowded with promenaders, amongst whom were many Catalonian peasants in their picturesque national costume, our spirits revived. I sallied forth to find out our worthy consul, Mr Baker, to whom I had letters of introduction. He has apartments in the Plaza Real, leading out of the Rambla, very like the Palais Royal in Paris, on the model of which, I believe, it was constructed. Mr Baker gave me an introduction to the Casino, where I found papers of all nations. To reach the reading-room I had to pass through the great card-room: there were some hundred tables set out, all occupied by eager and excited players.

Sunday, 25th March. — Palm-Sunday. A

glorious morning. We were awakened by the sound of military music, and from our windows, which commanded a view of the Rambla, the great walk of Barcelona, like the Unter den Linden at Berlin, saw the troops proceeding to Mass; a fine body of men, extremely well dressed, and marching at a very quick pace. Our first visit was of course to the cathedral. Passed the Casa de la Diputacion, a very old building up a narrow picturesque street, where a man sat playing a guitar in a picturesque costume, then into the cloisters of the cathedral, which are lovely. A garden in the interior full of orange and lemon trees. From these we entered the cathedral, which was crowded with officials and troops. High Mass was being performed, and a regular sea of palm-leaves agitated the air, waved by the devout worshippers.

The cathedral of Barcelona is very different from those in other parts of Spain. The style is partly Gothic. There is little light, and the general effect inspires awe. The painted windows are very fine. We then walked past the citadel on to the Muralla del Mar, or sea walk—a most charming promenade by the sea. Along the wall here countless vessels are to be seen in the port. The citadel is immense, and was built

by Philip V. to overawe the turbulent Barcelonese. A considerable portion of the town was destroyed to build it. We also visited the citadel of Monjuich behind, which commands the whole town. The view thence is very fine. I was reminded both of Florence, with Fiesole behind, and of Genoa in its sea view. There are some magnificent cactuses and aloes bordering the walk to the summit. The flowers exposed for sale early in the morning on the Rambla are magnificent. By nine o'clock they are generally all disposed of.

Having arranged with our travelling companions, the ex-President and his wife, to accompany them, daily consultations are held with the American consul as to our best mode of proceeding, and all sorts of plans are discussed and abandoned. I was much amused by the said consul turning round abruptly to me, *apropos* of nothing in particular, and asking me if I knew why their army ran away at Bull's Run? Of course I said No; and looked properly grave in the presence of a distinguished ex-President and an official of the United States. He then informed me that a telegram had been received at the headquarters of the army, to the effect that a valuable appointment in the Post-Office was then

vacant at New York, and that every one bolted to try and secure it.

It was at last settled that we were to proceed to Malaga in a steamer called the Francoli, just arrived from Smyrna, and bound for Liverpool, touching at the ports of Tarragona, Valencia, Alicante, and Malaga. This being holy week, the great opera-house here is closed. It is a magnificent building, larger than either La Scala of Milan or San Carlo of Naples. We were sorry not to see it. I visited one of the great *cafés* for which Barcelona is renowned. It was crammed. Some good piano music was being performed. I asked, as I thought, for a water-ice, and after waiting for some time, an anchovy-toast was brought to me! A curious scene: this *café*, a large round room, covered with paintings, crammed with people all smoking; a garden of oranges behind.

We left Barcelona on the 30th March, a very hot day. It being a holiday, we could get no carriages, so our luggage had to be taken piecemeal by porters. We found ourselves very comfortable on board. Our captain, a little Biscayan, Jan Miguel de Guitequiz, was very civil. Three English engineers on board in charge. Barcelona never appeared so beautiful to us as it did

on the day we left it. The weather was lovely. I thought of Washington Irving's remarks: "Indeed one enjoys the very poetry of existence in these soft southern climates which border the Mediterranean. All here is picture and romance. Nothing has given me greater delight than occasional evening drives with some of my diplomatic colleagues to those country seats, surrounded by groves of oranges, citrons, figs, pomegranates, &c., with terraced gardens gay with flowers and fountains. Here we would sit on the lofty terraces overlooking the rich and varied plain, the distant city gilded by the setting sun, and the blue sea beyond. Nothing can be purer and softer or sweeter than the evening air inhaled in these favoured retreats."

We sailed about eleven o'clock. We had a fine view of the serrated peaks of Montserrat, with the Savoy range behind. In this part of Spain our arms were not successful during the Peninsular war: our generals, Sir J. Murray, Lord William Bentinck, and Sir Fred. Adam, all succumbed to Marshal Suchet.

At 5 P.M. we dropped anchor opposite Tarragona. Its situation is magnificent—on a rock 800 or 900 feet high sloping to the sea. It is one of the oldest towns in Spain, having been an early

Phœnician settlement, and subsequently colonised by the Carthagenians. The Emperor Augustus wintered here 26 B.C., and at one time it rivalled Rome in magnificence. It is now a heap of ruins. I landed in the evening. Observed many English ships in the harbour, there being a great trade in nuts, and in a species of port called Tarragona port. Passed the railway station, which is at the head of the harbour, and ascended a very steep street. When nearly at the summit, I diverged to the great old Roman wall. The fertile plains mentioned by Pliny and Martial were bathed in the glowing rays of a gorgeous sunset. The scene appeared to me thoroughly oriental: the dry dusty roads; the mud-baked ruins of fortresses; the aloes and cactus; the croaking of the frogs, which was almost deafening; the creaking carts drawn by buffaloes; the Moorish wells, identical with those now in use amongst the Hindoos,—all brought to my mind many a scene in the arid parched plains of Hindostan.

After enjoying the view, which extended seawards and embraced the Sierra Nevada, I bent my steps to the cathedral. On emerging on the Rambla, the principal promenade, to my astonishment I came upon a procession of men dressed

as Roman Prætorian soldiers, and walking in a peculiar halting fashion, which, I think, is described by Tacitus and other Roman historians. I learnt that this was merely part of a procession to be formed at nine o'clock this evening. I passed up the narrow streets towards the cathedral. The streets were thronged with people. Arrived at a handsome flight of steps, which leads up to the cathedral. I mounted them and entered the building, which looked very imposing in the moonlight. The interior was only partially illuminated with single lights before the various altars; and in this dim light the kneeling forms of solitary worshippers, earnest and devout, impressed me very deeply, and I am not ashamed to say that I joined them in their devotions.

Emerged again on to the steps, on which were sitting numerous country peasants in picturesque attire. The narrow streets were still more crowded, and every one brought a chair, which he put down on the side of the road along which the procession was to pass. While forcing my way through the crowd, I was hailed by an English voice, and turning round saw the engineer of our steamer, who told me that the grand procession would not take place until nine

o'clock; so I went into the Café del Theatro, had an orangeade, and in one of the local papers read a long article on the "Armats," or procession of Roman soldiers, which appears to have been a yearly custom from the earliest times.

At last the procession commenced, and soon passed down the Rambla. First came some of that admirable body in Spain, the mounted police, followed by representatives of the Roman legions, admirably accoutred, marching in the old Roman style. Just opposite us they halted, and went through some curious manœuvres as the Prætorian guard. Each man had a huge staff in his hand, with which, every step he took, he struck the ground heavily. Then came the Jews who condemned our Saviour; Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor, and his cohorts; then innumerable penitents in the old dresses of the Inquisition, with pointed caps, long black trains, a black mask over the face,—every one bearing a torch or something emblematical of our Lord's passion. One carried Peter's hands before him, symbolical of those warmed before the fire. After this appeared a likeness of "the cock that crew," then a band of music, next a grand effigy of the crucifixion of our Saviour, a representation of the Virgin Mary, of Simon Cyrene bearing the cross,

—and so on. The whole procession lasted two hours, and was wound up by a representation of our Saviour lying in a glass tomb; then more bands, and lastly the principal authorities, military and civil.

I saw some of the effigies put away for the night in various churches, and then made the best of my way back to the steamer—a glorious moon lighting my steps, while I reflected on the curious scene I had witnessed. Every incident of our Saviour's passion and death was most accurately delineated, and the devout respect shown by the people unmistakable. The next day we devoted to sight-seeing. The worthy ex-President and Mrs Fillmore and ourselves started from the pier-head in a small omnibus-shaped carriage. We were horribly jolted over the pier, on which there was a tramway. We drove straight to the cathedral, passing the Castello de Pilatos (Pilate's house)—Pontius Pilate being claimed by the Tarragonese as a townsman. This building is said to be anterior to the Romans, and to have been the winter palace of the Emperor Augustus. It was half destroyed by Marshal Suchet in the Peninsular war. The thickness of the walls in some places exceeds 20 feet. Just as we drove up to the

cathedral, the bells began to ring a joyful peal, guns were fired, and flags hoisted. The mourning of the holy week was over, and the commemoration of a joyful resurrection commenced. The people were leaving the cathedral after High Mass, and the *señoritas* in their graceful mantillas opened their large eyes and sleepily gazed at us with our guide-books and sketch-books.

We entered the cathedral by a large deeply recessed pointed Gothic porch, with statues of the Apostles on either side in niches. The massive doors are iron-plated, and the great knockers quaint in device. The interior is very fine, with low massive piers. The baptismal font, to the right, is a Roman bath or sarcophagus, found in the palace of Augustus. The next chapel is entirely composed of marble: the *basso-relievo*, of a light-brown-coloured marble, are subjects descriptive of the martyrdom of Santa Tecla, the tutelar saint of Tarragona. She is reckoned the first of female saints in Spain. She killed, by a box on the ear, an ill-behaved priest; protected the church plate during the French invasion, &c. The painted-glass windows in the transept are very gorgeous. There is some fine Flemish tapestry hanging about.

The cloisters are most lovely. The entrance-door is purely Byzantine, and very curious. In the centre a pillar divides it. The base is composed of intertwined serpents, whilst its strange capital contains the Adoration of the Kings; above this is a representation of the Almighty. The capitals of the pillars are very curious: that to the right on entering represents three kings of the East lying in the same bed, and wakened early by an angel to order them to Bethlehem. The cloisters are very light and elegant—traces of Norman taste everywhere. Strange scenes are sculptured on one: some mice are depicted gravely burying a cat, which is lying on its back and borne aloft on a hearse; the procession is preceded by a mouse bearing the holy water. In another compartment the cat, that had only counterfeited death, springs out of the hearse and pursues the terrified undertakers, mutes, and priests of the mice tribe, which flee in all directions.[1] The gardens inside the cloisters are quaintly laid out. On two places on the walls "6th Company" is inscribed, showing that British troops have been quartered here; but we cannot glory in the reminiscence, for in this part of Spain our arms were constantly unsuccessful.

[1] See O'Shea's Guide-Book.

We could have loitered here all day, so lovely was the scene. Incongruously enough, from an adjoining house we heard the "Faust" waltz and "Carnival de Venise" played on the piano. The chapel Del Corpus Christi is a sort of Escurial, and contains the ashes of mighty kings and queens of Aragon. The tomb of a giant was pointed out to us—Don Jayme el Conquistador, son of Pedro I. and Marie de Montpellier. From the cathedral we drove to the museum, which contains some treasures of antiquity. *Apropos* of the giant whose tomb we saw in the cloisters of the cathedral: he was on his way to the monastery of Poblet to become a monk, when he died at Valencia. At this same convent the profligate Duke of Wharton, celebrated by Pope, died—I presume in the odour of sanctity.

We then drove out at one of the gates, and obtained a fine view of the old Roman walls; then ascended the hill to the fort of Del Olivo —a beautiful drive; passed a very pretty cemetery with cypresses. The ladies would not go up to the top in the carriage, the road being very rough; nor would they walk in the great heat: so Mr Fillmore and I, manfully taking off our coats, toiled to the entrance of the fort. It is a ruin, almost destroyed during Suchet's siege.

We were amply rewarded, however, by the view, which is glorious — the rich plain beyond the Mediterranean deeply darkly blue; and in the horizon the Sierra Nevada, the most picturesque of mountains. The air was perfumed with the scent of wild thyme and other sweet-smelling flowers. The sentry would not allow us to enter the fort without a permit from the commandant. When we came up he was coolly sitting down, having placed his musket on a niche some distance from him: any one could easily have disarmed him. The sentry objected to my sketching; but I contrived to make him understand that I was sketching the country, not the fort.

We returned on board the steamer for dinner. Several of the Tarragonese came off to inspect our steamer. They came into the saloon while we were at dinner, and looked into our cabins without any ceremony. The ladies had nothing but their mantillas over their heads, notwithstanding the blazing sun. Our captain is a most amusing little man—a Biscayan, full of life and animation. He gave us his photograph, of which he seemed not a little proud. Amongst other things, he remarked that the performance in the cathedral the next day, Easter Sunday, would be quite as amusing as the theatre, and with this

advantage — that it would cost nothing. A Spanish gentleman, going to Malaga, with his furniture and household goods in charge of a pretty little waiting-maid, joined us. She at once came on the quarter-deck, and commenced a conversation with us most gracefully. She entered into her own private history; and with the help of a young Spanish doctor going to Corunna, who spoke Italian, we got on very well.

On the 2d April we arrived at Valencia. Landed at the suburb of El Grao, about ten minutes by rail to Valencia. "Valencia, the sultana of Mediterranean seas, robed in the loose sparkling white of her straggling houses, lies softly embosomed amid high palms and deep-green orange-trees, with her feet lazily bathing in the blue waves of the sea; and the spoilt child of Allah and the Moor dreams away life, canopied by that heaven, all gold and diamonds, over which an houri has cast, as it were, a blue gauze just sufficiently deep to enable man to behold it. The oriental character is stamped everywhere. The magic Huerta or plain, three leagues square, which surrounds it, is a large orchard, watered by the most ingenious means through a thousand rills and pipes, which, after eight centuries, remain and look the same as

when the Moor placed them. Here flax, the orange and citron, the palm and the mulberry, grow with wild luxuriance; and nature, exceeding her usual strength and fecundity, reels with all the intoxication that great and constant moisture and a burning sun can produce."[1]

The town is defended from the central cold table-lands by a girdle of mountains, and is some three miles from the port of El Grao, which is a very rising one: an inner harbour is just constructed. We were not long in reaching the town—about the distance of Granton from Edinburgh. We crossed the noble Guadalquivir. Passed the great amphitheatre for bull-fights; and having only taken a carpet-bag with us from the steamer, we walked with a guide from the station to the Fonda del Cid, which is most picturesquely situated in the Plaza del Arzobispado opposite the cathedral. The buildings around have all an oriental type, and I was reminded of Cairo and India. Found the Fonda del Cid very comfortable. While breakfast was preparing, I crossed over to the cathedral. Some great dignitary was preaching. The ladies, all in black, were squatted all round on the matting (not ungracefully), waving their fans, and listen-

[1] From O'Shea's Guide-Book.

ing attentively; few gentlemen, but great numbers of picturesquely attired peasantry. The interior is gaudy, and did not please me, after the devout solemnity and dim religious light of the Gothic edifice of Barcelona. The high altar is most meretricious; formerly all silver—of course plundered by the French. Admired very much some painted door-panels, said to be by Leonardo de Vinci, ordered and paid for by the infamous Pope Borgia — who, to give the devil his due, was a munificent patron of the arts. Some fine paintings by Joannes—a Last Supper and exquisite Holy Family; also a Conversion of St Paul, and two paintings by Ribalta.

The Sala Capitular is very fine. In it there is a splendid crucifix carved by Alonzo Cano. The exterior of the cathedral has three principal portals — the Miguelete entrance of the tower de San Miguel, and opposite to the fine street of Zaragoya; the Portal de los Apostoles; and a very curious one called Portal del Palau. Over the head are sculptured fourteen small heads—half male, half female. These represent seven knights who were married to young women of seven neighbouring villages, and are the ancestors of the Valencian nobility.

We then got into a *tartana*—a sort of gondola

on wheels, very rough motion—and drove to the museum, which is established in the old convent Del Carmen. There are 600 or 700 pictures—all, with few exceptions, of a religious type—collected from the various convents suppressed in 1836, when the Constitution was given to Spain. It is one of the largest and most important in Spain, and especially strong in Ribaltas. There are also some good Espinosas; one, marked 112 in the catalogue, is very curious. A cavalier is firing a pistol at a saint who had reproved him, and the saint's life was miraculously preserved by the image of Christ issuing from the barrel instead of the bullet. Number 609, a Magdelene by the same painter, is very good. Curiously enough, of Ribera, the great Valencian master, there are few specimens.

The galleries are immense, and there is a great quantity of rubbish in the way of paintings. At the end of the principal saloon is a good painting of the Queen, in a blue silk dress. From this we went outside one of the gates, and sat in charming orange-gardens by the banks of the Guadalquivir for a few moments; but we had no time to spare. So we hurried to the Church of the Colegio de Corpus or del Patriarca, which is a perfect museum of Ribaltas. One of the finest

is that of the patron saint of Valencia—San Vincente Ferrer—visited on his sick-bed by our Saviour and His saints.

Returned to the Fonda del Cid, and made friends with a pretty little girl playing on the staircase. I called her a "*señorita graciosa.*" One of the waiters said I did not understand Spanish, which made her very indignant. She said, "Does not he? Did not he call me a pretty young lady?" She then commented to the waiter that she considered I ought to kiss her—which of course I did. In the evening we drove out to a garden in the suburbs—El Botanico—belonging to a German banker at Madrid. There is the finest araucaria here in Europe. Drove back at sunset. The picturesque convent of San Miguel stood lit up with the brilliant rays of the setting sun, with a background of dark-blue hills cut sharply against the clear sky.

Drove on to the Alameda, which was crowded with carriages; some very good equipages, but mostly *tartanas.* All the ladies without bonnets; few, comparatively speaking, with the orthodox mantilla,—in lieu a lace veil, light in comparison, is preferred. This is a most delightful drive, and leads to the other side of the Guadalquivir down to the sea. There is a beautiful garden

full of orange-trees. Alongside for some distance to the end of this the carriages follow each other in slow succession. We then visited the Glorieta Gardens in the town, much frequented at night in summer. The next morning we ascended the cathedral tower; the panorama from thence over the Huerta is very striking. The green of the plain shows that the irrigation introduced by the Moors is still successfully carried on.

In my wanderings through the town I entered a church where the funeral obsequies of a Grandee of Spain were being held. The body lay in state, dressed in full costume, face exposed, surmounted by countless enormous wax candles. There were a great many mourners: ladies in black, officers in full uniform. Splendid music, a full string-band, but no organ. A white cashmere shawl was wrapped round the head and shoulders of the corpse, but leaving the face and hands exposed. The latter were covered with valuable rings. At the feet lay uniform, orders, sword, &c. The coffin in which the corpse was placed was slightly raised and sloping, to give every one a good view. Gorgeous hangings, armorial bearings, &c., all round. There was a great crush and very little devotion. After the funeral obsequies had been

performed in the church, the body was removed to the hearse, preceded by the priests with torches and chanting. The crowd displayed very little reverence, and got in the way of the mourners. There were at least fifty carriages in waiting, some splendid turn-outs, Arab horses of the finest breed.

We left Valencia with regret, and sailed for Alicante, where we arrived on the 4th April. It is a striking place, somewhat resembling the Rock of Gibraltar, situated on the seaside, at the foot of a lofty bleak hill crowned by a picturesque old castle, in the background a grand range of mountains. A few palm-trees are to be seen; but at a place called Elche, some four leagues off, there is a regular forest of them. Having, however, seen plenty of them in Ceylon, we were not tempted to make the excursion. We made the most of our short time here with our friends, the ex-President and Mrs Fillmore. We got into a *tartana* and were jolted over the place. The cathedral is simple and severe in style, but blocked up and disfigured by the inevitable *coro*. A fine lofty cupola; cloisters also fine, but not equal to those at Tarragona. Took on board several Spanish soldiers with their families for Malaga. In their undress and mode of life they

were exactly like Sepoys. Started in the afternoon. Next day passed Cartagena, the great Spanish naval station. The scenery along the coast is very grand and very unique. Light-coloured mountains in front, fantastically shaped, with the glorious Sierra Nevada, a snowy range, in the background.

Arrived at Malaga about sunset. The lights and shades on the picturesquely shaped mountains, the snowy peaks illumined by the setting sun, and the rich tropical vegetation around Malaga, the cathedral standing out in a grand imposing manner over the harbour,—all presented a picture not easily effaced from the memory.

6th April.—The American vice-consul came on board to pay his respects to our illustrious fellow-traveller, and gave us plenty of information. He is a "Scorpion," *alias* a native of Gibraltar. He was of great use in passing our things at the custom-house. We went to the Fonda Alameda, and bargained for the price of our rooms, compounding eventually for forty reals a-day (about ten shillings) each. The cathedral, which presents so imposing an appearance from the sea, disappointed us on a closer inspection. It is built on the site of a former mosque. It is a huge, gaudy, unmeaning pile. Return-

ing thence we went down the principal street where the *plateria* is. There are some good jewellers' shops. In the evening we drove in an open carriage along the sea-coast, past the lovely English burying-ground, which was covered with a profusion of geraniums. The weather is cold and rainy. There are great complaints of the change of climate in Malaga during the last few years. We found no prettier spot to frequent than the burial-ground. It is laid out most beautifully. The present consul, Mr Mark, takes great interest in it. His father, the late consul, planned it and laid it out. Mr Mark is now cutting a series of walks on the hill behind. We made our way to the summit one evening, and greatly enjoyed the glorious prospect. Nothing can exceed the kindness and courtesy which we have received from Mr Mark. He is universally well spoken of, and his office is no sinecure: pestered from morning to night in adjudicating claims between owners of ships and their crews, he still never omits to do what he can for English travellers, who seem to think that they have a right to bother him in the most trivial matters. There is a good reading-room here; most of the English papers are taken in.

We drove to the convent La Victoria, which

was the royal headquarters during the siege of Malaga, passing through the Plaza de Riego, where a monument is erected to Torrijos and some fifty of his confederates who were shot here in 1831 as rebels, but who are now honoured as martyrs. An English gentleman was amongst the number, and is the first who was buried in the Protestant cemetery. Just as we were ascending the hill which leads to the convent, we met a religious procession, amongst them evidently ecclesiastics of high rank; two or three military bands were with them. Every one knelt as the priests under the canopy, clad in gorgeous vestments, passed. I got out of the carriage and bowed. From the convent we drove to the Spanish cemetery, which is beautifully situated; but not so prettily laid out as our own ground.

On Sunday we were tempted to accompany the worthy ex-President and Mrs Fillmore to a bull-fight, because these bull-fights are almost invariably held on a Sunday; and if you do not go then, you are not likely, unless you happen to be at Madrid or Seville on some great holiday, to see them at all. However, we did very wrong, for it was a brutalising spectacle. With this confession as a salve to my conscience, I will now relate what we saw.

At four o'clock we started, escorted by the American vice-consul. Our friends were dining with the American consul and his wife, Mr and Mrs Hancock, and were to accompany them. The whole party was afterwards to go to the opera, having been invited by the Governor to make use of his box. With some difficulty we made our way through a fierce and excitable crowd, and were piloted to our places by the worthy vice-consul. We had an open box on the shady side, which is twice as expensive as that on the sunny side. The arena, a poor temporary one; the original one, the finest perhaps in Spain, is now built over. The boxes were pretty well filled, as also the lower seats. Ladies and children in abundance, all the municipality in the principal box, and the Governor with his young family in a private box alongside.

A new feature was introduced into this bull-fight, an elephant being chained in the middle. The people amused themselves by throwing oranges to the elephant, who ate as many as he could, and when he had enough, washed himself with the remainder. When a trumpet gave the signal the animal was all attention, evidently accustomed to the work. One of the doors in the arena was thrown open and out rushed a bull.

He went very pluckily straight at the elephant, was received on his tusks and tossed in the air. He could not be induced to face his adversary again, so the *picadores* were called in and tormented him. The people soon got tired, and this animal was contemptuously dismissed. Two more were introduced with no better success. At last one came showing great pluck, which, alas! proved his doom, for the people getting excited were determined to have blood. The others they had abused, calling them cowards and other vile names. This one was praised with the most caressing terms — especially by the women.

As the elephant had been evidently trained only to toss his adversaries, the *picadores* were again brought into requisition. After baiting the bull for some time the *banderilleros* came in, and planted darts in the wretched animal's body, who, maddened by the pain, rushed furiously at the elephant, only to be tossed again and again. Then came the *espada*, who, after saluting the authorities, advanced on the infuriated animal, and, covering his sword with a red cloth, stabbed him in several places. The poor beast, bleeding at every pore, tormented by the darts sticking in him, careered wildly, until at last he received a

mortal stab and fell dead. All this taking place amidst the plaudits of an excited people—the women and children the most so.

While this brutal scene was being enacted on a Sabbath-day, the glorious hill above the convent of Victoria, crowned by a peaceful little chapel, looked very calm and lovely under the glowing rays of the setting sun, the bell all the time tolling for vespers.

We went away, feeling thoroughly ashamed of ourselves, and yet we did not see half the brutal sights witnessed at the larger bull-fights at Madrid and Seville, where whole hecatombs of miserable horses with their eyes blinded are embowelled, and are allowed to career about the arena with their entrails trailing behind them until they drop to rise no more.

We left Malaga for Granada at night in a diligence drawn by fourteen mules. We reached Loja about four in the morning, and had some excellent chocolate and sweet-cakes. On arrival at Granada we obtained two small carriages, ascended the "Calle des los Gomeles," and passing under the gate "De las Granadas," entered, as Ford has it, "the magical jurisdiction of the fairy palace of Alhambra." We then drove up the charming avenue formed of elms, planted by the

Duke of Wellington. At the top of the avenue we arrived at our hotel, the Fonda de Ortiz. We of course hurried off as soon as possible to the Alhambra. Passing under the Gate of Justice, an old Moorish gate, the tower almost a square, and a splendid horse-shoe with a hand above it to avert the evil eye, we arrived at the Plaza de los Algibes, or place of cisterns. This is the highest of the four hills on which Granada is built, and commands a view of the town, from which it is divided by the river Douro. On your immediate right you see the beautiful Torre del Vino, on the left are the massive towers of the citadel; further on to the right stands the huge unfinished palace of Charles V., on the very spot where the winter palace of the Moors stood, and as Ford says, "insulting the half-destroyed abode of the Western Kalif."

We wandered about looking for the obscure entrance to the Alhambra, which we found with difficulty. Once inside we wandered about in speechless admiration through courts of lions, Abencerrages, sisters, boüdoirs of the queen, baths, chapels, winding up with the great hall of ambassadors,—a glorious foretaste by ourselves, for to-morrow we are to do it regularly with our friends. One gaze into the garden of Linderaja,

opposite the rooms where Washington Irving lived,—to bed to dream of the Alhambra.

A long day in the fairy palace. Description is useless. Is it not all recorded by the talented writers Ford and O'Shea? We were glad to make acquaintance with the illustrious Signor Contreras, who is so skilfully repairing the Alhambra. Our stay in Granada was marked by incessant sight-seeing. Never were we so indefatigable, and the elastic bracing air made it a pleasure instead of a weariness, as it so often is. One of the chief places of interest is the Generalife, belonging to the Italian Pallavacini family. Amongst the pictures is one said to be that of Boabdil, a mild, pensive countenance, with beautiful soft hair,—might pass for a portrait of our Saviour. There is also a picture of Columbus's ships.

In the cathedral there is a Holy Family by Alonzo Cano, the loveliest, I think, of the very many I have seen. What glorious tombs are those of Ferdinand and Isabella! perhaps the finest in the world.

The chief canon of the cathedral came himself to escort the ex-President Fillmore. In consequence we saw all the famous relics bequeathed by Ferdinand and Isabella: the king's own

sword, a plain silver-gilt crown, an exquisite enamelled missal, a heavy chasuble, said to have been embroidered by Isabella. I went one evening with some young Frenchmen to see a gipsy-dance,—uncommonly like an Indian *nautch*.

One night at the opera, in the middle of the performance, all of a sudden every one got up and turned towards the door, most kneeled, and the band played the national air. We could not imagine what was going to happen. It turned out that the Host was passing in the street near us.

22*d April*.—At last the nightingales begin to favour us day and night. This being Sunday, we went to see all the world on the Alameda. We remarked one or two very pretty French bonnets. Our old guide, Emanuel Beresaken, says that when a lady gets a new bonnet from Paris she sends round to all her friends to inspect it, and has a *tertúlia* (party) on purpose for it. This old guide is a great character. He has a whole portfolio of recommendations. Amongst other things he showed us were two original telegrams in the Prince of Wales's own hand-writing to the Queen. The old scoundrel had copied them and kept the originals. He said he had also been guide to the Emperor when he was

Prince Napoleon; that by accident one day he was humming the "Marseillaise," when the Prince took up the refrain and sang it lustily.

Our landlady, Madame Ortiz, whom we have never seen except in dishabille, cooking and in a violent state of excitement, came back from the town the other evening in a splendid mantilla, accompanied by her pretty daughter Dolores, also very nicely dressed. The old gentleman himself never troubles his head about the people in the hotel, but lounges about in a red cap eternally smoking.

4th May.—Returned to Malaga, and started for Cordova and Seville by rail.

8th.—Seville. What a glorious cathedral! You enter by an old Moorish gate, Portal del Perdon; a beautiful *basso-relievo* above of the merchants expelled from the Temple. Then through a lovely court full of orange-trees, whence we admired the Giralda tower glowing in the sun. In a small chapel to the right on entering is another exquisite Holy Family by Alonzo Cano, almost as beautiful as the one in Granada. Examined with great interest a huge picture over the altar by Campana;—"Our Lord's Deposition from the Cross." O'Shea in his Guide-Book says "Murillo liked it, and used to stand hours before it, and

once replied to some one who asked him what he was doing, 'I am waiting until these holy men have taken our Lord down.'" And Pacheco assures us he was afraid to remain after dark alone with the picture. Murillo desired to be buried before it. We observed that one of the large doors was being opened, and heard that the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier and family were coming in, which they did very soon, followed by two good-looking daughters. He, fat and good-humoured-looking; she, intelligent and ladylike.

We stood long before that exquisite little gem of Murillo—the guardian angel leading a child. In the Sala Capitular (chapter-house) there is a lovely Concepcion by Murillo. We then went to the church of St Isidor to see another of his—St John, as a boy with a lamb: a picture very familiar to us from engravings. But in the museum and Caridad are to be seen the finest Murillos: those in the churches are generally in a bad light. In the former is one of the grandest pictures—Santo Tomas de Villanueva giving alms. In the latter, "Moses striking the Rock."

I went over the tobacco manufactory. Some 5000 women employed. I was amused on entering the grand hall to see a thousand or so of crinolines hanging round the walls,—the women

not being allowed to wear them when at work. I was surprised to see so little beauty amongst them, although I had every opportunity of judging, their costume in the extreme heat being very light. Their hair, however, was always beautifully dressed. with a rose or some flower in it.

We suffered very much from the heat in Seville. We had written for a room on the ground-floor—indispensable in the hot weather. It happened to be raining the night we arrived, and it felt so damp and uncomfortable, also in the morning dark and dreary, that we determined to change, and found from the landlord that we might have a whole suite of rooms on the first floor at the same price as we paid for our wretched den on the ground-floor. This alone ought to have made us suspicious, and we should have waited until the sun appeared. However, we changed—some half-dozen people eagerly contending for our ground-floor room—and went up-stairs to our gorgeous apartment, where we found afterwards the heat was terrific, especially as the custom is to shut them all up with the carpets down—which they are too lazy to take up—so as to be in readiness for the winter and strangers.

From Seville we went by rail to Cordova. The famous cathedral and ancient mosque is enclosed on all sides by high walls, within which is a court of orange-trees, through which we passed to the entrance. We were struck with amazement at the bewildering number of pillars, seemingly with no regularity, stuck all over the place. The chapel in the middle of the mosque destroys the symmetry of it very much, although in itself the chapel is handsome; but the gem is the Mihràb, or sanctuary of the mosque.

From this we went to Madrid, part by rail part by diligence,—rail as far as Andujar, where we found several diligences awaiting our arrival. Towards evening we passed the Sierra Morena —rather nervous work—going at a terrific pace; six or eight horses driven by a postilion riding one of the wheelers: but our salvation was the *zagal*, who sits alongside the *mayoral* or conductor, and jumps down every other minute, running alongside the mules, either abusing them or praising them, but always calling them by their names.

At Venta de Cárdenas we got the rail again for Madrid, where we found very comfortable quarters at the Hotel de Paris. It has also one great advantage, being exactly opposite the Academia

de San Fernando in Calle de Alcala. Here is the celebrated Tinoso representing St Isabella, Queen of Hungary, healing the lepers. This properly belongs to the Caridad at Seville, whence it was carried off to Paris; and when returned after the war, the Madrid Government took possession of it. Nothing can be conceived more lovely than her face and figure, and nothing more repulsive than the ulcerous wretches whom she is healing.[1] We lost no time in making our way to the great museum, a royal picture-gallery. Here we were quite bewildered, not knowing which way to turn. For many successive days we feasted our eyes on the glorious paintings of Velasquez, Vandyke, Murillo, Titian, Rubens, Teniers, Tintoretto, Breughel, and Raphael. I should say that both Titian and Rubens were better represented here than in their own countries.

After some days' hard sight-seeing we went to Aranjuez, where the Court is now residing, and found ourselves very comfortable at the Hotel de los Infantes. This, looking out on the gardens on one side, is very cool in summer; rooms well matted. In the evening we drove in the palace grounds. Coming to the Avenue of Roses, which

[1] O'Shea's Guide-Book.

is charmingly situated—having a view of the hills and snowy range in the distance—we heard that the Queen had passed. Most of the nobility were walking, with their carriages following them. The Marquis de Miraflores was pointed out to me. Going round a corner we saw the royal equipages empty, and presently we came upon the royal party on foot. Three fierce-looking gendarmes, mounted, with their hats in their hands, made our carriage turn down a by-road. So we got out, and went on foot to have a good look at the Queen and King Consort, who walked arm in arm. The Queen wore a French hat and very short petticoats, displaying most symmetrical feet and ankles: the King in a plain black frock-coat and black wide-awake hat. The Queen nodded once or twice to us most graciously, and looked curiously at us—strangers being very rare here. Everybody near the party not only took their hats off, but kept them off as long as the royal party were in sight. On our way back we met the confessor of the King, Father Claret, in a close carriage—a highly intellectual-looking man—and afterwards we saw the party returning to the palace. A bugler was stationed there to give notice of their appearance. First came the Queen and Prince in a small open

carriage, then the Infantas and governess in a carriage drawn by four mules, then others with the suite.

From Aranjuez we went to Toledo. Crossed the bridge of Alcantara. Passed under the Alcazar, and through the narrow streets, the greater part of which appear to be undergoing the process of demolition; through the Yocodover, or Moorish Square, to our hotel—Fonda de Lino. The cathedral here is sublime. There are so many exquisite details, that we found several hours for several days insufficient to become thoroughly acquainted with them all. The description in O'Shea's Guide-Book occupies ten closely printed pages.

Hence we returned to Madrid, to have our final visit of the museum, then started for the Escurial. There is nothing remarkable in the rooms save some very fine tapestry. The "Sala de las Batallas," or the Saloon of Battles, is fine. The library is a grand room: the books are curiously placed, with the backs to the wall, so you cannot read the titles. We saw also the small room in which Philip II. died, which looks into the chapel. The great Pantheon, or family burying-place, is very impressive—rows of kings and queens in solemn array. We were glad to

get away from this gloomy, gigantic abode, in which, even at this sultry season, the cold felt deadly.

Leaving this we proceeded by rail to Burgos, Hotel del Norte. Another glorious cathedral here —O'Shea says, "one of the finest in Europe." This is rather vague—I have seen so many "one of the finest." However, there is no doubt of its exquisite beauty, and many an hour we lingered in it. Left Burgos at 2 A.M. by rail. Passed through a lovely country; wild Salvator Rosa scenery. Passed Vittoria, the scene of our great victory, Tolosa, San Sebastian, Irun, and Hendaye, the frontier town.

Here a young Frenchman, who had hitherto been rather melancholy, brightened up and said, "Thank God, we are back in France! I do not like travelling in a country where they do not know how to cook!"

Before finishing with Spain, I transcribe here two letters I received some time after from a brother staff-officer at Plymouth—Major Colley, afterwards Sir George Pomeroy Colley, whose melancholy death in South Africa not long ago excited so much attention. A more charming, highly cultivated, and intellectual companion in private life I do not think I have ever met. His

talent was most versatile. As a draughtsman he was almost unrivalled as an amateur; and in conversation, after a slight nervousness had been overcome, he was most brilliant. But in manner, as a military man, nothing could well be more impracticable. It was perfectly extraordinary to observe the difference between the man as a soldier and the man in private life: the transition was as great as that in a magic lantern. To give an instance. We were both on the staff together at Plymouth. He was Brigade-Major, I was Assistant-Quartermaster-General of the district and Town-Major of Plymouth. The duties of the latter rather trenched on those of the Brigade-Major, and it was difficult to separate them.

The agony poor Colley suffered when some of the work he considered to be in his department was given to me was terrible. I, who had been surfeited with office-work for a great many years, and was on the point of giving it up altogether, had no such feelings; and one day I said to the General, who was handing over some papers connected with the discipline of the troops in the town,—"I wish you would give these to Colley. He is so terribly annoyed when any of his work falls into my hands." The General said, "Oh, certainly. Do what you like with it." There

and then I turned down the corner, and wrote on it—"Transferred to the Brigade-Major's department by order," and sent the papers into his office.

He had hardly received them, when he came into my office, white as a sheet and shaking with suppressed passion, and said–

"Sir, do you give me an order?" pointing to what I had written.

I said, laughing, "My dear Colley, do not be so ridiculous. I never dreamt of such a thing; but if I had, I am senior to you, and there would be nothing wrong in it."

Always conscientious on points of duty, he took this in immediately, and felt checkmated. I then proceeded to say that I had only made use of a Horse Guards form to which I was accustomed. This roused him again, and he began to warm up, saying, "We are not at the Horse Guards now,"—when my servant came over to say that luncheon was ready.

Colley very frequently lunched with us—being a great favourite with A—— and myself. He dropped the subject immediately, walked over to my house, put on at once his unofficial manner, —which was that of a perfect gentleman, most charming, most agreeable,—sat for an hour so,

chatted about painting, &c., walked back with me to the office;—and the very instant he put foot into it doffed his private manner, assumed the official, and went at me again about the papers until I fairly fled.

I often laughed at him for his rigid manner with officers, and told him afterwards that I predicted a great career for him on account of his rugged military manners. I have little doubt that when he became supreme in command his manner was changed. There would then be no necessity for the sternness of manner which he had evidently imposed upon himself from conscientious motives. I never had a doubt but that he would work his way to the front rank. He had nerved himself to the task, and was determined to rest satisfied with no subordinate position. He was a man of determined iron will, and most impatient of advice or counsels.

Very, very sad to see the career of one who had worked so hard and striven so much in the path of duty, allowing nothing to interfere with it, cut short just as it appeared to all that he had made his way to fame and fortune! And many of his friends, like myself, deeply lament the loss of a most agreeable, intellectual, and kind-hearted gentleman.

I subjoin the two letters I received from him when he was travelling in Spain.

"GRANADA, *March* 1869.

"MY DEAR RAMSAY,—According to promise I write to report myself from here. Our trip so far has been most successful in every way. We have carried out our plans (with one alteration) most successfully, and have been charmed with everything. We spent one day in the cathedral at Amiens; travelled through Paris without stopping till we got to Avignon, where we spent four hours; then to Nismes, where we saw the Roman ruins, &c., and made an excursion to the Pont du Gard. Then by Narbonne to Perpignan. Drove as far as Boulou. Walked over the pass. Joined the diligence at Figueras, and so on to Gerona. I was rather disappointed in the pass, which in itself is neither grand nor wild; but there are some magnificent snowy mountains around, which made everything beautiful. The day was perfect, and we delayed on the top of the pass until the sun was down.

"Gerona I was disappointed in. The cathedral is gloomy and impressive, but not nearly so much so as Tarragona and Barcelona; and there is not much to see in the town. Barcelona I was

delighted with. The hotel we were in—a new one, the Peninsular—was, without any exception, the nicest and cheapest I have ever been in. The cathedral I thought beautiful, and the cloisters the same. In some respects I thought they answered to your description of the Tarragona cloisters better than the latter did; for the orange-trees at Tarragona are hardly seen, whereas in Barcelona they and the fountains add wonderfully to the beauty.

"I admired the cathedral at Tarragona immensely, and the cloisters are beautifully worked, though in general effect, owing to whitewash, &c., I think them inferior to Arles and others I have seen. From Tarragona to Valencia. Here we found we should have to wait some time for a coasting steamer, and as we had no time to spare, and were by no means taken with Valencia—which boasts, without any exception, the ugliest churches I have ever seen—we determined to push on by land, and after a longish journey by rail and diligence, reached this late last night. We have missed Alicante, with coast-line; on the other hand have gained four days, and the journey from Valencia to Almansa, for miles through groves of orange-trees with palms towering above them. Then through Jaen to this

place,—thirty miles through a wild defile,—snow mountains around; I fancy quite equals anything we have missed.

"This place is simply Paradise. The weather is perfect: bright, clear, sunny days, with a light fresh breeze, and cool nights. The scenery you know; and I don't think in my life I saw a more magnificent sight than the sunset I saw this evening from the top of the high tower above the Alhambra. I have commenced sketches in the Alhambra, and one or two outside, and there are several more I mean to attempt. I shall not have time to finish anything; but by working up bits here and there, hope to be able to make something of them when I come home. We are at the Siete Suelos,[1] and find it very comfortable. Hitherto I have found no roughing in Spain, and as yet no fleas.

"G. POMEROY COLLEY."

"MADRID, *April* 1.

"DEAR RAMSAY,—Many thanks for your letter. As you may suppose, we are enjoying the picture-gallery. The Murillos and Velasquezes certainly are most wonderful—beyond anything

[1] An American friend of mine used to call this the "Sweaty Souls."

I could have imagined; but our time is short and we start for Segovia to-morrow. After all we did not see the holy week out at Seville. We saw some of the processions and did not care for them. The cathedral, though a beautiful shell, is, to my taste, entirely ruined by the *renaissance* of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with which it is filled, and which is not in keeping with the Gothic shell. So we came on to Toledo, which is much more picturesque and sketchable, and were well repaid. Toledo is, to my mind, the most gorgeously beautiful interior I have ever seen. The richness of the stained glass, of the stone carving and of the tombs, surpasses everything; and we saw the ceremonies quite as well as at Seville. We stayed several days, and did a deal of sketching.

"We did a bull-fight here on Easter Sunday. I think it is simply the most disgusting sight I ever saw,—as monotonous as brutal. I cannot understand any Englishman going twice. I suppose what we saw was considered a good one, as there were twelve horses killed while we were there, and we did not sit it out. We have met with a great deal of civility from a Spanish artil-

lery officer who joined our force in Abyssinia, and who, by the way, desires to be kindly remembered to Sir C. Staveley. He has taken us over the armoury, artillery, museum, barracks, &c., &c.,

"G. POMEROY COLLEY."

CHAPTER XVII.

HOME THROUGH FRANCE.

LOURDES—THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE—CHAMOIS-HUNTING—AN ALPINE DISASTER — PLYMOUTH — THE ADMIRAL AND THE ARCHÆOLOGISTS—LORD BROWNLOW AND THE MIDSHIPMEN—LICHFIELD—DUNFERMLINE—THE WARDLAWS.

On arriving at Biarritz I started at once, before the heat became too great, to make a tour in the Pyrenees. At Lourdes I went to see the famous young woman Bernadette, to whom the Virgin is said to have appeared several times and proclaimed her immaculate conception. Last Pentecost a chapel was inaugurated on the spot, and thousands of people attended. Mass is now said twice a-day in the grotto where the poor girl affirms she so often saw the Virgin.

On going into the hospital close to the railway station, where the girl now is, I was shown into a small room hung round with pictures, all illustrative of the miracles, also of the grand proces-

sion last Pentecost, when the bishop and clergy of the diocese, the military, and all the leading inhabitants attended. Presently in came the young girl, attended by a *religieuse*. She kept her eyes downcast; but every now and then when speaking she raised them with a penetrating look—furtive glances I may call them, as I only caught them now and then. She said she was sometimes very tired with the number of visitors; that she was very ill, coughed a great deal, and perspired at night. She gave me her photogram, and wrote on it "Priez pour Bernadette."

At Bagnères-de-Bigorre I was glad to make acquaintance with Monsieur Frossard, the French Protestant pastor, very good-looking and charming in manner. He gave me a work of his on the Crimea, where he had accompanied the troops as Protestant chaplain.

I returned to Biarritz, from which place we started for Grenoble, passing through Bordeaux and Cette, where every species of wine is manufactured. At Tarascon Junction we met the Marseilles express. Passed Nismes, Avignon, and on to Valence, whence we took the branch train to Grenoble. From this we made an excursion to La Grande Chartreuse, one of our

principal objects in coming here, as I had been in very early life fascinated by Beckford's graphic description of it.

Our first proceeding was to go to Voirons, a station on the Lyons and Grenoble line, and there we found a *calèche.* We commenced to ascend at once. The road commands a view of the lovely Grésivaudan valley. We soon entered on the grand pass, between stupendous masses of bold and rugged rocks, almost perpendicular on either side. You felt as if they must fall and crush you. We then crossed the Voreppe and Grenoble road, and halted at St Laurent, where we left our baggage and commenced our ascent, following the track of the road used for bringing down charcoal—gentle slopes on either side. Then at Fourvoirie commences a lovely wooded gorge, which gradually narrows until the mountains on either side almost touch. The river is spanned by a single arch, under which the torrent rages.

After passing this, the road cut out of the sides of the rocks becomes grander and grander; and above stand boldly out vast serrated crags. About an hour of this scenery brought us to the fine bridge of St Bruno; then our way wound through thick woods—at the end the road very steep—

until we reached the convent. I stopped at the stables, left our *calèche*, and walked to the place of reception for ladies, where A—— was received by a pleasant Sœur de Charité.

I then went to the convent. On ringing the bell I was ushered into the outer court, and finally into the convent itself. My guide, one of the serving brothers, took me into a long corridor, where a request to speak low is written up, and went to a door over which were the words "Open without knocking,"—which we did. Within was a brother deeply engaged in prayer, so we closed the door gently and retired. I was then taken into a large hall called Salon de France, and left alone. Soon a monk came, and received me very kindly, and pressed a glass of Chartreuse upon me.

A—— and I then made our way up to St Bruno's Chapel. It is situated on a steep little rock, inaccessible on three sides. On each side are represented the six companions of St Bruno: so well painted that at first sight we took them to be statues in niches. On our return A—— had to retire to her abode outside; I to the convent, where I had supper served by one of the brothers, who was very garrulous, and eager for information from the outer world. He said the Father

Superior received news, but would only impart them occasionally.

Retired to rest at an early hour, but got up at midnight to attend midnight Mass. It was awfully cold in the chapel — which was quite dark, with the exception of two faint lamps and the light each monk held in his hands, thrown entirely on his book. It was a strange, weird scene. Every now and then the lights were put down, and the church left in total darkness: all engaged in silent prayer. Several services were begun and ended. I left them still at prayer at 2 A.M.

The next morning I went over all the convent. In the *salle* of the Chapter-General is a grand statue of St Bruno. In this hall meet every year the superiors of the various Carthusian establishments.

The most remarkable feature of the convent is the great cloister—about 650 feet long, with 130 windows. There are some thirty-five cells, entered from the cloisters; in each are three little rooms and a garden. A high wall runs along the garden. In each door is a small trap entrance, through which are passed any provisions for the fathers, and on each is written a text of Scripture. The cemetery is so placed that the

fathers can always see it on leaving their cells. The library is good and well chosen—historical as well as theological works.

On our return we drove by Les Echelles; then passed through the great tunnel commenced by Napoleon I. On the other side fine rocks. Passed a fine waterfall described by Rousseau. Thence to Chambery, which I have every reason to consider the hottest place in the world in summer—having been roasted there on several occasions.

June 17*th.*—Chateau de Prangins, Lake of Geneva. Rested here for several weeks. Here Voltaire is said to have lived. Went to see L'Elysée near Lausanne, where I lived in 1839, —now a huge hotel, Beau Rivage, overshadows it. Alas! the little den alongside the library, whence I cribbed the books which enabled me to write an essay on the fifteenth century, and gain a prize over my young cousins, no longer exists—it having been added on to the dining-room. This literary fraud has weighed heavily on my conscience for forty years, and now I have an opportunity of confessing it openly. Mr Haldiman's beautiful place all built over.

Our next move was to the baths of St Gervais,

not far from Chamouni. Here we met some very pleasant people—amongst others the two brothers, Counts Nicolai, and others. The two brothers have a charming *châlet* on Mont Blanc, where they go in the height of the summer for chamois-hunting. Mr Urquhart, M.P., of Turkish-bath notoriety, has a beautiful villa near here—of course fitted up with a Turkish bath—which we visited. Not far from this we arrived at the crest of the Col de Voza, whence we had a glorious view of the whole range of Mont Blanc.

Young Count Nicolai came down from his *châlet*, and persuaded me to return with him. Accordingly the next day we started in a small carriage for Bionnai; and thence by foot. After half an hour's walk, we came to a village called Champelles. In consequence of the rain, which made the usual way up through the vegetation very damp walking, we took a round through a grand forest to the Glacier de Bionassay. We ascended close to it past a waterfall, and I saw no way out, when all of a sudden our guide took us abruptly up the face of the mountain by a path only fit for a goat—a zigzag cut on the perpendicular face. I dared not look behind.

Once I halted, and the guide was quite alarmed, saying—"Do not stop a moment here: you may

be killed by falling stones!" So we hurried on as quickly as possible, and in another hour arrived at the Châlet des Deux Frères, and found the elder brother, Count Gaston, awaiting us, covered with numerous wraps and a huge fisherman's cap; for it was bitterly cold, though in the middle of July—the height being 2000 metres.

He gave me a very hearty welcome, and with all the polished manner of the old French nobility—of which, indeed, he is one of the most distinguished representatives. His father was a faithful follower of Charles X., who left the country with him never to return except with the legitimate branch; his mother, a daughter of the Duke de Levis—the proudest family in France. There are two *châlets*—one called the Châlet des Deux Frères, consisting of two rooms only; a long low building. The sitting-room is most comfortable—full of books, instruments, &c. At mid-day we had an excellent dinner, served by a smiling French cook.

I was obliged to borrow a heavy cloak from my friends, I felt the cold so much; and no wonder—there being nothing but ice all round us. Supper at night: plenty of champagne of the very best sort. After which the Count, who has been a great traveller, told me all his Indian adventures.

He was travelling in India at the time I was A.D.C. to Lord Hardinge in 1848. On retiring to rest, I found I was to occupy the new *châlet* —the "Châlet des Amis,"—being the first occupant since it was erected. Every Parisian luxury —lace toilet-covers, eau-de-Cologne, even sugar for *eau-sucrée.*

The next morning the guns were brought out, primed and loaded, slung over our shoulders, and we started for the *chasse.* The guide and *chasseur* went with the dogs to the valley below, the elder brother half-way down, and the younger and I to the top of the adjoining peak.

Just as we were starting, a girl who had come up with a load of iron rails on her back from St Gervais during the night—a load that I could not even lift off the ground—insisted upon accompanying us; and rushing on to the summit before us shouted out, "Chamois! chamois!" We hurried up, but just in time to see them well out of shot—thanks to "la malheureuse fille," as the Count called her. I was then posted on the summit of a crag and left to myself; but alas! no more chamois appeared.

I left my courteous hosts with much regret. I found out that they would like to become members of the Alpine Club; and being ac-

quainted with several of these, I was able to get them elected, as they were fully qualified. On drawing near to St Gervais on my return, I found the whole establishment in consternation, A—— having set out at an early hour in the morning and not returned.

It then being seven o'clock in the evening, the proprietor of the hotel—who was also mayor—said everything had been done: people sent out in all directions, and that I could be of no use; that I had better have my dinner, as I was very much exhausted. The French ladies were terribly scandalised; looked in at the window and said, "He is actually eating!" But when I lighted a cigar, giving another to the worthy mayor—who told me I had better remain by him, as the first news would be brought to him—they were quite aghast, and said, "He is positively smoking!" In a short time A—— returned, sound and safe—escorted by two gendarmes, and with a splendid bouquet of wild flowers in her hand.

The indignation of the French ladies was at its height. As they said, "Everybody has been anxious about her, and she comes tranquilly back as if nothing had happened, with a big nosegay in her hands." They evidently con-

sidered that after so much excitement she ought at least to have been brought back on a stretcher, instead of having simply lost her way and taken refuge in a cottage.

The following account of the loss of two English gentlemen in a snowstorm in the Col du Bon-homme in 1830, is transcribed from a manuscript of one of the survivors, and is inserted in this book both as a matter of interest to those who are about to take the same route, and as a substitute for the various incorrect narratives of the accident which are current among the guides.

On the 12th September 1830, Mr Reynolds, Mr Martin, Rev. R. Bracken, and Mr Augustus Campbell went to Contamines, a place about three hours' walk from the pass called Col du Bon-homme.

"We left Contamines, 6.30 A.M., September 13th. The night had been very bad, a considerable quantity of snow had fallen on the mountains, and it rained when we started. Bracken alone had an umbrella. After walking an hour and a half, we stopped to breakfast and to dry ourselves. A party of sixteen Jesuits were starting to cross the pass. We were delayed till 11.30, it being necessary to send to Contamines

for bread. The guide said it was a very bad day, and we had better not go. He was answered that the other party had gone; but he certainly never intimated that there was the least danger, and Bracken frequently asked him.

"The snow became deeper as we ascended; but we were all in high spirits, without the least expectation of anything worse than an uncomfortable walk of two or three hours. We met a large drove of oxen that had come over the pass, and with them an American, who had started with the sixteen Jesuits. He had been nearly at the summit of the pass; but had taken the opportunity of returning with the herdsmen. He told us that we should have an uncomfortable walk; but that his object being to see the country, finding it so dark, he had thought proper to return.

"The guide here said we could not miss the way, as we should have the track of the oxen to follow. We followed it for some time, but at last it became quite obliterated, the wind having risen and filled it completely with snow. Still no one seemed to be in the least apprehensive of any danger. In a short time we began to ascend very steep and slippery ground. The snow was in every place two or three feet deep, in some

places four or five. About this time poor Campbell told the guide we were willing to turn back whenever he pleased. He said we could not.

"We came at last to a pole which the Jesuits had left to direct us. From this there was about an hour's walk along the summit to the place where the descent commences; but it was swept by a violent and freezing wind, which carried the snow about in thick clouds, so that, except occasionally, we could not see further than a few yards off. The cold was excessive: our hands and feet were quite benumbed, and our hair covered with ice.

"The guide was evidently at a loss. It was impossible to stand still, and we knew not which way to move. We proposed returning. The guide insisted that it was impossible. First we descended some one hundred yards into a valley; but the snow becoming very deep, we were obliged to turn back. We then, as the only thing left, endeavoured to retrace our steps; but before we had gone many yards lost them completely.

"All hope seemed now at an end,—even the guide seemed in despair; but we endeavoured to encourage each other, by pretending confidence and concealing our mutual apprehensions. Poor Bracken seemed quite resigned, and made up his

mind to the worst; but said scarcely anything. We were each afraid of saying anything that might lower one another's spirits.

"We had not been long in this cruel situation when it cleared a little, and we perceived at the distance of about 200 yards the post at which the descent to St Maurice commences. It took us some time to reach it, the snow being excessively deep in several little hollows that were between us and it. But the guide now knew the way, and said that in about an hour and a half we should get down into the valley. We were all, excepting Bracken, quite in good spirits —Campbell as cheerful as any of us. We fancied all the danger was over.

"Alas! we had not been descending more than ten minutes when poor Bracken fell. He was walking last, Campbell next to him: the guide was in front making a path through the snow. Campbell endeavoured to lift him up, but was unable. Martin and Reynolds turned back, and brought him on a short way till Martin's strength failed him. The guide was then called back, and he and Reynolds supporting him one on each side forced him along, falling every twelve yards, frequently all three together, and nearly buried in the snow. We scarcely made any progress.

"At last we came to a small valley filled with snow, with a little stream at the bottom. It was with the greatest difficulty that we got Bracken over. It took us at least a quarter of an hour. Martin and Campbell were standing by. They were too weak to give any assistance, or to make a path through the snow for themselves and proceed. This frightful scene had lasted nearly two hours. At the very commencement poor Bracken had lost all his faculties. He said nothing but 'I can't move my legs,—I can't.' It was the shaking alone that kept him from dropping asleep. He was not in the least conscious of his situation, and kept getting worse and worse.

"When we had crossed the brook he could not even be supported, but dropped instantly. The guide and Reynolds then carried him; but they neither had strength to continue it, as they were dropping every minute. It took many minutes to advance a few yards. Night was fast approaching, and we had no hope of conveying Bracken down to a *châlet*. So long as we could carry him at all, we had not heart to abandon him, although we too well foresaw the cruel necessity to which we should be reduced at last; but we put off the evil moment to the last, till it was impossible to do so any longer.

"The guide insisted on our leaving him, if we did not wish to perish to no purpose. Poor Bracken! he was perhaps too far gone already ever to have recovered; but hope is strong, and to the last we indulged the hope of being able to send him assistance. We dragged him along in the dark to the most sheltered spot, and wrapped him up in it. He appeared to be quite pleased at being left quiet, and seemed to fall asleep immediately.

"We had been descending about twenty minutes when the second part of this awful tragedy commenced. Suddenly poor Campbell fell and was unable to rise. He declared he could not walk (we were all very weak). We had been exposed to excessive cold during five hours, and, excepting the guide, were all lightly clad. It was now between six and seven, and we had had nothing to eat since eleven, and the greatest part of the time had been moving very slowly. Martin and the guide went to assist Campbell; but Martin soon fell helpless. The guide carried him a short way, but strength failed him.

"Reynolds was making the path, and was up to his neck in snow, but with the assistance of a pole managed to get out. Reynolds begged

Martin and the guide to bring poor Campbell down to him, as he had not strength to ascend the path to him. They tried, but in vain, for none of them had any strength remaining. He stood still in despair. We prayed and implored Campbell to walk, but the cold had deprived him of all power. He desired them all to go on. He said he would stay there and die; adding, 'For God's sake, do not let me be the cause of all perishing.'

"The guide insisted upon our moving quickly. We assured Campbell we would return in half an hour with men to carry him down. We seated him on two knapsacks, assured him there was no danger, and went on as quickly as possible. In a quarter of an hour we reached the *châlet*, and fortunately found seven men, who set off immediately. The guide said Bracken would be dead already, but that Campbell was in no danger. This was some consolation.

"In about twenty, or at most thirty minutes, Campbell was brought in. He groaned deeply, but did not speak. We wrapped him in warm blankets, laid him on the bed, and commenced rubbing him for about ten minutes, when we perceived that it was all over, and poor Campbell had expired in the midst of us."

A more tragic Alpine episode I have never read.

In August 1866 I went to Plymouth on the staff, and remained there until 1869. The climate is very relaxing, especially in the early autumn, and I was glad to escape for a short time to Dartmoor, where the air is bracing enough; and also to have an opportunity of inspecting the famous prison, so abhorred by the French during the war, and designated by them the English Siberia. I drove past Sir Massey Lopes's lovely place, and soon came to the land of heather, which delighted my patriotic heart, as a native of the "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood." The Grand Duchy of Cornwall Hotel at Princes Town is very comfortable; but on escaping from the languid climate of Devonport to this pure elastic air, one is disposed to view everything with a favourable disposition.

The exterior of the prison is cheerful enough, as the houses of the governor and deputy-governor, with pretty gardens, are in front, and hide the frowning walls. The cells are all of corrugated iron, well ventilated,—warm in winter and cool in summer. Nothing is offensive. The kitchen is admirable. The diet is not so full as it was,—just sufficient to keep a man in health.

Formerly it was the envy certainly of our peasantry, and even of our soldiers and sailors.

During the summer I went to Paris to see the Exposition, and on my return published in the 'Western Daily Mercury' at Plymouth a long account of it, which I will not, however, inflict upon my readers. One very extraordinary piece of sculpture, and sadly significant as read by the light of future events, was bought by the Emperor—viz., the great Napoleon in his latter days. The prostration of intellect, the conviction of the vanity of all human wishes depicted on the countenance, indeed on the whole figure, along with the startling likeness to the pictures we are accustomed to see of him in the days of his grandeur, combine to form a very striking work of art. A greater contrast could not be afforded than the charming little statue of Modesty standing alongside, which was purchased by a gentleman from the banks of the Clyde.

There are one or two lovely places near Plymouth. Cotele, belonging to the Mount-Edgcumbe family. The house, as it existed in the time of the Edwards, is full of ancient armour. Another is Pentilly, the property of Colonel Coryton. Then Trematon Castle, belonging to

Admiral Tucker, a most remarkable old place. This is a favourite resort of archæologists. Some years ago a party came, and in the confusion some ill-disposed people took advantage of it to carry off some valuable coins belonging to the Admiral, who naturally objected afterwards to archæologists, although they personally had nothing to do with the theft.

Years after another distinguished party of *savants* arrived. The leader discoursed learnedly on the date of the buildings; but a dispute arose between him and one of the party as to the date of a certain portion of the castle. They requested to see the Admiral, and the leader of the party said, "We cannot agree as to the date of this portion of the building. My friends contend that it is of the sixteenth century, I am inclined to think it is of the fifteenth century, —perhaps, Admiral, you will kindly inform us." "Certainly," he replied, "with much pleasure. It was built by my grandfather, Samuel Tucker, in the year 1816 or thereabouts!" and away went the Admiral, chuckling with pleasure at the revenge he had been able to take. But this was not all. The leader, recovering his spirits after a while, entered a cave, and began to discourse learnedly on the glacial age and Silurian progress,

when some of the children running up said, "What are you doing in grandpapa's ice-house?"

30*th October*.—The Queen of Holland arrived unexpectedly. We all met her at the station. I was standing by the carriage-door as she got in, intending afterwards to get on my horse and accompany the General, who was already mounted, when her Majesty begged me to come into the carriage with her, in order that I might tell her the names of the various places.

After lunching with Sir Augustus and Lady Spencer at Government House, her Majesty went to see her old friend Countess Brownlow, who is a sister of the late Lord Edgcumbe.

An amusing story is told of the Countess when she was a young girl living at Mount Edgcumbe. The fleet were in the bay. The middies, seeing a girl day after day in the gardens and grounds, were naturally interested in her, and one youngster made a bet that he would land and kiss her, and carried out his intention. The story goes that Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, naturally very indignant, added after a notice already put up of "No dogs admitted,"—"or sailors." The sailors, not knowing the cause of this, threatened to pull the whole place down; and the Admiral had to tell Lord Mount-Edgcumbe that

they would most probably do so if he did not remove the obnoxious notice, and that as to the youngster, he would be properly punished. So the affair was settled.

I am surprised that Penzance is not more frequented by invalids in the winter, and, indeed also in the summer, for it is warm in winter and cool in summer, and not relaxing like the Devonshire climate. It may be said that you have here the choice of two climates: along the shore like that of Cannes and Mentone, and within an hour's drive or less the bracing air of a Scotch moor.

The Queen's Hotel we found very comfortable. Of course we visited the Mount St Michael, so like its namesake in Brittany. In the small ante-room on entering are hung round chain-armour, and frames containing the autographs of illustrious people, including the Queen, Prince Albert, Prince and Princess of Wales, Lucien Buonaparte, &c. Next is the Chevy Chase room, decorated with the royal arms, formerly a refectory for the monks. From here we made our way to the Land's End. We stopped to see the old church of St Buryan, in which are the remains of a fine old rood-screen. The carving is bold, consisting of foliage and grotesque figures.

At Treen village we had to leave the carriage, and scrambled across to the celebrated Logan Stone,—a block of granite weighing sixty tons, so nicely poised that it rocks to and fro almost with a breath of wind. At the point called Land's End we found a comfortable little inn full of travellers in the village of Seunen.

At the edge of the precipice our attention was directed to the marks of horses' shoes, where a wretched animal, ridden by a young officer, Sir Robert Arbuthnot, took fright, and went over the cliff, his rider barely escaping with his life. There is a fine view of the Scilly Islands from this point.

In the course of this year we were at Lichfield, and the first place we visited was of course the cathedral. It is most lovely, with its three perfect spires; and then there are the grounds in which Dr Johnson ran a race with a Scotch lady, who would have won easily had she not been thrown into fits of laughter by the Doctor's ungainly movements. Close by is the house wherein lived Mr Day, the author of 'Sandford and Merton,' so dear to us in our youthful days. Miss Porter, authoress of 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' 'The Scottish Chiefs,' and other works familiar to the

youth of a past generation, also lived here in a large red-brick house. I was glad to see in the cathedral the colours of that fine gallant old regiment the 80th, which I had met in India; also a statue of Major Hodson, of Delhi fame; another of Dr Ryder, by Chantrey; and the loveliest gem of art, the Sleeping Children, also by Chantrey.

I made a pilgrimage when in Scotland to Dunfermline, to see the only property possessed by the head of the old Saxon family of Wardlaw, which took refuge at the time of the Norman invasion with Malcolm Canmore in Scotland —viz., a large place of sepulture, an integral portion of the old cathedral, given to the family of the Wardlaws in perpetuity by Queen Anne of Denmark, the wife of James VI. of Scotland. Of the Wardlaws, one of the oldest families in Great Britain, Cardinal Wardlaw compiled a genealogical account, from their first coming from Saxony into England, about the beginning of the sixth century, up to his own time, a copy of which was in the Royal Library of France until the Revolution. Of this ancient family, my eldest brother, Mr Wardlaw Ramsay of Whitehill and Tillicoultry, represents the younger

branch, and which in the female line is also a branch of the family of Dalhousie.

In the new part of Dunfermline Abbey there is a splendid monument by Foley to General Bruce (late Governor to the Prince of Wales), beloved by all who knew him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CORSICA.

A STORM — MISS CAMPBELL — EFFECTS OF AN ARTICLE IN THE 'DAILY TELEGRAPH' — GENERAL SEBASTIANI — SCENERY OF WESTERN CORSICA — THE COL DE SEVE — EVISA — CORSICAN OFFICERS — THE CONSUL AND THE 'TELEGRAPH.'

I MAKE a great leap, and next take up the thread of my Recollections at—

Nice, 21st November 1869.—Summer weather. Our villa at Cimies is in the very centre of old Roman remains; there are a temple of Apollo in the gardens, and remains of baths. The aqueducts and cisterns can be clearly traced. The old gardener lives in the temple of Apollo. Close to the house is a well-preserved amphitheatre, through which the highroad passes. Close by is a convent, erected on the site of a temple of Diana, and, in short, ruins all round us.

Dec. 6th.—Embarked for Ajaccio, Corsica. The weather looked suspicious. No sooner had we

left the harbour than we found ourselves in a furious sea, in one of Valery's wretched little steamers. Soon the sea swept from stem to stern, and we had a most fearful night. In all my experience in voyages to and from India, to the West Indies, and in other voyages, I never was so knocked about and battered. The captain thought of turning back, but it was considered safer to hold on. At four in the morning, to our great delight, Corsica was in sight; but we were still in the middle of a black raging sea. The sky was a lurid hue. We passed a succession of grand mountain scenery, the colouring magnificent, red granite being the prominent feature.

Right glad were we at last to find ourselves passing Les Isles Sanguinaires at the entrance of the bay, up which we steamed for nearly an hour. The scene which presented itself on our dropping anchor opposite Ajaccio, under a sky bright and smiling, was one of fairy enchantment, rendered doubly attractive by the contrast to the howling sea, the dark night, and the stern, savage-looking rocks we had kept in view so long: an Italian sky and sea, a picturesque town, and all round us a magnificent chain of mountains, while towering above all were the snowy peaks of Monte d'Oro and Monte Rotondo.

On landing, we were surrounded by wild and picturesque people, who seemed to regard us with lively curiosity, as if strangers were rare; but we received a smiling welcome and a hearty shake of the hand from a fellow-countrywoman, Miss Campbell, the accomplished authoress of a little work on Corsica, which has brought to the notice of our country-people the beauties and advantages of Ajaccio as a residence. This lady, well known in Scotch society, has been, and continues to be, a real benefactor to this place. She spares neither labour nor money, and is always ready to assist strangers arriving, however exacting they may be. The door of her hospitable apartments in the Hotel de France are thrown widely open, and any countryman seeking information has but to walk in and find ready a smiling welcome.

We drove to a hotel a little outside the town, overlooking the bay—an old convent, with a steep ascent to it. We sat with open windows—December 16th!—watching the glorious light gradually retreating upwards, the snowy peaks of Monte d'Oro assuming a roseate hue; and then the sun's last rays faded and expired, giving place to the not less glorious rays of a southern moon.

Descending to the *table d'hôte,* we were delighted to find seated opposite us one of the most distinguished literary men in England, whose facile and graceful pen has often charmed the readers of the 'Daily Telegraph,' and whose conversation was a luxury we had not anticipated enjoying in Ajaccio. I had, moreover, read and admired his 'Life of Lord Dalhousie.' Nothing can be more exquisite than his own poems and sonnets, many of which, I regret to hear, are out of print, though to be had in America, where they are much cherished.

At present there are very few English residents; but when the place comes to be better known, and better steamers are put on the line, more are sure to come. A company from Marseilles has commenced building a hotel in the Cours Grand Val on a large scale. A magnificent site has been chosen, close to the only four villas available for the reception of strangers. Miss Campbell was requested by the authorities to lay the first stone, which she did in the presence of the Préfet, Mayor, and the inhabitants.

Nearly opposite, this indefatigable lady is building an English church, solely at her own expense; the authorities have generously given the ground. There is a small Roman Catholic

Chapel attached to our Hotel Suisse, in which there is a monument to General Vico, a French general who fell in the Crimea. On it is engraved the tribute paid to his memory by General Sir James Simpson, then our Commander-in-Chief there. The price in the two or three hotels—Hotel Europe, Hotel Londres, Hotel Étrangers, and Hotel Allemannia—varies from six to eight or nine francs a-day, everything included.

Having shown that Ajaccio is economical as a residence—a word as to climate. As far as my experience goes, it appears to be very equable. We have had a spell of bad weather, and the thermometer has never fallen lower than 50°. We are protected from most inclement winds, especially from the north and east. The bay is open only to the south, a health-giving quarter. There is a good theatre, and last year an Italian company gave representations,—price of orchestra stalls, one franc and a half! There is a very good club, to which strangers obtain easy access; and lastly, a really first-rate library, containing several thousand volumes, which is open to the public. This and the gallery of pictures are in the French palace. Adjacent is the mortuary chapel, where Madame Mère and other members of the Buonaparte family are buried. In the house where the

Emperor was born, the Empress Eugenie has left a touching souvenir of her recent visit, in the shape of a pretty bust of the Prince Imperial, which she placed on the chimney-piece in the room in which the great Napoleon was born. On either side are the portraits of Madame Mère and her husband.

Miss Campbell, with a laudable desire to make her pet colony as widely known as possible, extracted an unwilling promise from Mr Arnold to write a laudatory article. He came to me in great distress about this, saying he was so unwell, wanted rest, and perfectly loathed the sight of a newspaper. Would I consent to write the article, which should have a commanding place in the columns of the 'Daily Telegraph'?

I willingly did so, and wrote so flaming an account of it that the next steamer brought over several people from Nice, some of whom were not quite so enraptured as we were with the place. The fact was, the accommodation was rough, and not equal to that of the great hotels on the Riviera; but being accustomed to travel, and to be knocked about in all sorts of places, we had not thought much of this. Amongst the new arrivals was a rather Sybarite friend of mine, who, after a very bad dinner, said to me, "If I

could only get hold of that d——d scoundrel who wrote that article in the 'Daily Telegraph,' I would make his life a burden to him." I kept my counsel, and applauded his resolution.

I was delighted to be presented to General Sebastiani, who received us with the greatest possible kindness. He is a brother of the famous marshal of that name, who was Louis Philippe's ambassador in London; and an uncle of the Duchess of Grammont, the poor ill-fated Duchess of Praslin, and the Count de Choiseul. He has lived in retirement here since Napoleon's accession to power, having refused every offer of employment. He spoke feelingly of the death of the Duchess de Coigny, a connection of my mother's family, whom he said he loved as a daughter. He told me that the Duke had lost his arm at the battle of Smolensk alongside him. We talked much of the glorious deeds of the French army in former days. He told me he was aide-de-camp to Junot, was first in garrison at Granada for two years, then marched to Moscow with him.

He considered the English infantry to be the finest troops he had ever met — especially the Highlanders. He said that he commanded a regiment of Corsicans at Waterloo, which suffered

dreadfully from the fire of the Highlanders; and that the Corsicans were good marksmen, but bad horsemen. At the Duke of Wellington's table at Apsley House, when he and his brother the Marshal were dining there, the conversation turned on the merits of the cavalry of different nations. The Duke said before all, that he had no hesitation in saying that the French were the best cavalry in the world.

The General then told me that when he was a young officer, and attached to a cavalry regiment commanded by an old colonel who had served against us in the Low Countries, he saw the 20th Dragoons, commanded by a Colonel Taylor, preparing to charge his regiment. He called the attention of the old colonel to the fact, who growled out—"Don't you think I saw it? I know the English cavalry well. They are very brave, but cannot hold their horses. Let them charge!" When the English regiment came close up, the old colonel opened the ranks and let them through. They passed like a whirlwind, and could not pull up for at least half a mile, were taken in rear, and the colonel, with many others, killed.

On my taking leave, the old General took me by the arm and led me to a window looking on

the street, where soldiers, quartered in the town, were passing and repassing, and said: "We have talked much of the ancient glories of the French army. Look there, sir—look there!" pointing to the small soldiers—I confess far from smart-looking. "*Je crains beaucoup*,—I fear much," which he repeated two or three times. A few months later his words appeared to me very prophetic.

Soon after this we made an excursion in a part of Corsica little known by our countrymen, although it comprises the loveliest scenery in the island. On the 1st February 1870, taking advantage of the fine weather—of which during this winter there has been a deplorable scarcity—a party of four of us started in a waggonette, which we hired at the rate of twenty francs a-day. For some few miles we pursued the high road to Bastia, and at a small cluster of houses called Mezza Via we turned to the left, passing under a handsome new aqueduct destined to bring the waters of the Gravina river to Ajaccio. Two or three hours' drive brought us to the summit of the pass of San Sebastiano, whence the view is very grand,—on the one side looking over the bay of Ajaccio, with its glorious amphitheatre of rocks; and on the other, to the Gulf of Sagona, on its furthest promontory the

Greek settlement of Cargese, of which more hereafter.

Here we had our first glimpse of the wonderful scenery of western Corsica—spiral rocks, crags, forests, and, towering above all, the everlasting snow on the summits of Monte d'Oro and Monte Rotondo. An excellent road winding down brought us to the ancient fort of Sagona. Above us was a village high up in the mountains called Calcatoggio, of which it is said—

"Calcatoggio, Calcatoggio,
Mal cena e pegg alloggio;"

Anglicè, bad food and worse accommodation. Its appearance justified the proverb. Sagona was once a large and flourishing town: hardly a trace of it now exists. The ancient fort is overrun with grass, and a few dismounted cannon lie there. Here leaving the coast-line, which proceeds to Cargese, we ascended the valley on our way to Vico. The vegetation is most luxuriant; the road extremely good—as indeed all the roads in Corsica are—and well kept. On either side flourish the arbutus, myrtle, and Mediterranean heath—growing as if they had been planted with regularity. You might fancy yourself driving through a gentleman's park. Here we found the hay-scented fern and many splendid ilexes. The

macchie, the Corsican term for shrubs, grows here to a great extent; and one can easily understand how in former days the banditti found refuge in it.

The scenery increased in grandeur and wildness until we reached the summit of the Col St Antoine, 1488 feet. The sun was setting, and the deep blue and purple of the grand mountains contrasted vividly with the bright glow on the plains. I was reminded of scenes in the Himalayas. Looking the other way, we were spell-bound with the exceeding beauty of the situation of Vico.

Imagine a picturesque town on a steep declivity, surrounded on all sides by gigantic mountains. Imagine, also, fertile vegetation; a large convent overlooking it, embosomed in ilexes; crag upon crag, rock upon rock, mountain upon mountain; towering above, and supreme, the silent majesty of the everlasting snow. We felt as if we could have sat and gazed all night; but no such sentiment animated our driver, who plunged down the descent at a break-neck pace.

The first house in the town proved to be a hotel, kept by one of the princely family of Pozzo di Borgo. Miss Campbell's book had prepared us for dirt; but although the rooms and staircases were undeniably dirty, we were agreeably

surprised by finding that the bedding, table-linen, plates, knives and forks, were all scrupulously clean, and this is the case all through Corsica. However dirty the floors and walls may be, so much so that you must get on a chair before you get into bed, yet the linen is always clean.

At dinner an Italian gentleman and a young French *employé* were our companions, and most agreeable they were. The former, who did the honours of the table, was a merchant from Palermo, who in his wanderings came to this place, and taking a fancy to one of the Pozzo di Borgo young ladies, settled down here.

The next day we started for Evisa. We had a long ascent through some of the most magnificent ilexes I ever saw: the effect of these against the snow-capped mountains was very lovely. Here we began to find snow on our track; but until we reached the summit of the Col de Seve, 1612 feet, we were not much inconvenienced by it. But on descending the other side we found ourselves plunged into several feet of snow. Our brave little Corsican ponies did not like it, but bore stoutly on. We were, fortunately, too much entranced by the beauty of the scenery to think of the danger, which was not slight, as

the snow-drift entirely covered the narrow parapet of our road.

It was strange to pass through avenues of ilexes and a semi-tropical vegetation, with several feet of snow on the ground. What a prospect before us! The great forest of Aitone leading to the still larger one of Valdoniello; to the left the serrated crags of Porto, fantastic and lovely in their deep red colour; below us the villages of Cristinaccio and Evisa. The former village has the honour of being the birthplace of Mr Versini, the great tailor, the Poole of Paris.

On approaching Evisa, we left the grand imperial road which leads to the forests, and entered a cross-road. Here, furnished with a letter from Miss Campbell, we found ourselves comfortably lodged in the house of a Mr Carrara, a wood-merchant, who did everything in his power to make us comfortable. From here there is a fine view of the famous rocks. The sun was setting, and the fiery red of the granite, with the deep purple on the further mountains, contrasted well with the dark blue of the sea beyond. I was reminded of the gorge at St Helena; but this is grander, and the colouring more vivid.

The next day we made an excursion to the great forests. We ascended from Evisa by the

great imperial road, made solely for the traffic of the wood. In a short time we found that further passage in the carriage was impracticable, owing to the snow; so leaving it at the house of a Government administrator for the sale of wood, we proceeded on foot—young Mr Carrara going with us as guide. A narrow path had been made in the snow by the constant passage of the mules, and along this we plodded slowly in single file. Whenever we met loaded mules coming down the pass, we were compelled to step aside, and were at once plunged into some four feet of snow. The ladies were soon obliged to avail themselves of our one pony, and there being no side-saddle, to ride as the dames in Corsica do.

In about three hours we gained the summit of the Col. On one hand we saw the great forest of Aitone, through which we had been struggling, and on the other, that of Valdoniello. The lovely valley of the Niolo was now a wild waste of snow; but we were amply repaid for our trouble. Imagine a foreground of magnificent pines on a plateau of snow; on one side of us fantastically shaped rocks and grand mountains, heaped one behind the other in the most picturesque confusion, and beyond all the dark, deeply blue Mediterranean—on the other side, looking inland

as far as the eye could reach, a dense forest. As sitting, however, in four feet of snow was not favourable to contemplation, we were forced to beat a retreat. One of our guides, an Italian from Lucca, told us that life in winter in these forests was very severe. As the wood cannot be transported in winter, only a few labourers are retained, who are employed in cutting up and preparing wood, chiefly for boat-oars. Italians, principally from the neighbourhood of Lucca, do all the work.

There seems to be a fair field for speculation here. As far as I could ascertain, there are only two wood-merchants—Mr De Chanter and Mr Carrara—who buy the trees from Government, and send them down by the wonderfully engineered roads to Porto for exportation. A huge pine, I was told, could be bought for from seventy to a hundred francs. The price of cartage to the port would be about fifteen francs, and thus a clear gain of about 20 per cent would be realised by sale in Italy or France.

We all arrived at Evisa thoroughly knocked up, our host's young son especially so. He was in very bad humour, and said that he had never before taken such a walk, and that he devoutly hoped he might never again; that he was a

cavalier, and unaccustomed to walking. The next day we commenced the ascent to Porto—a wonderful piece of engineering. The road is cut out of the sheer rock, which is almost perpendicular. The scene is one of grandeur. To the right a new road, like the Corniche, is being made to Calvi. Our road lay to the left, and we commenced the ascent to La Piana, mounting by successive zigzags up the side of a mountain covered with verdure from the top to the base. On either side of the road the arbutus, myrtle, cistus, and other plants are flourishing. On the summit, the strangest scene was disclosed to our view—spiral rocks on all sides, with precipices to the sea. I can compare them to nothing else than richly fretted spires of cathedrals, thrown here and there in sport by giants in olden times. And such colouring: red granite, rose granite, ruby granite, white and variegated marble, all mixed up with the lovely evergreens, and beyond my ever favourite, the deep, deeply blue Mediterranean; while towering above all are the majestic pine-forests and the eternal snows. Truly, Miss Campbell, the Scottish queen of Corsica, may be proud of her island; but how few who visit Ajaccio would ever even dream of coming here?

From Piana, a cheerful-looking village, we ascended the Col Lavo, and then to the Greek settlement of Cargese, our resting-place for the night. Here, as usual, we found our inn a place of indescribable filth—as far as the apartments went, rougher than any Spanish *posada* or Italian *locanda;* but again, as usual, the linen and table appointments were scrupulously clean. During our dinner, consisting of hard-boiled eggs, thrushes, and blackbirds, the whole population came to look at us. We attended the Greek Mass the next morning. The priest's vestments were most gorgeous. The service was conducted in the old Greek language, with a mixture of Latin. The next morning we returned to Ajaccio, passing by Sagona. Here once stood a great city, not a trace of which remains.

Some of our party started for Sardinia. We wished to proceed to Italy, but the question was how to do it. A heavy fall of snow had rendered the usual road by Corte to Bastia over the great pass of the Foce impassable; therefore our only resource was to proceed to the south of the island to Bonifacio, thence by the Cote Orientale to Bastia—a road hardly ever taken by travellers, and for a great part of the year unsafe, on account of the deadly malaria prevalent on the

east sea-coast. Accordingly we took our places in the diligence for Bonifacio, and bade adieu to Ajaccio; but long will the remembrance of its lovely bay linger with us. Nothing could exceed the kindness I, as a military man, received from those officers, natives of Corsica, who had returned to end their days in their beloved country, from General Sebastiani downwards. In them I found that to the warm-hearted, generous, and enthusiastic character of their countrymen had been added the polish and courteous manners acquired by long service in France. Better representatives of the French army cannot be found than these Corsican officers, who have so faithfully and enthusiastically served the empire. To these *C'est une religion*, as I observed an address was commenced on some occasion. Foremost amongst these officers is our kind friend General Sebastiani, who has lived in dignified retirement in Ajaccio for the last twenty-two years. At a very advanced age he possesses all the fire and spirit of his youth. His admiration of the English army is only exceeded by his devotion to his own. He commands the respect of all Frenchmen, and is positively idolised by the Corsicans. It is pleasant to see the old man walking up and down in

front of his house, treated with such respect by a people who are proud and independent as our own Scottish, and are not wont to lavish these marks of respect upon every one. The name of Sebastiani will live in the pages of Corsican history.

Having spoken enthusiastically as to the climate of Ajaccio, I have been taken to task by some of my friends, because when the weather has been so bad throughout all the rest of Europe, Ajaccio was no exception; but, nevertheless, I repeat unhesitatingly, that a better station as a winter climate for persons with pulmonary affections, requiring complete immunity from cold, cannot be found. I do not think that it is too relaxing, being so near the region of snow, though quite protected from the north and east winds. Throughout this most inclement winter there was hardly a day during which you could not go out, and even sit down in the open air with impunity. As to comfort, if there are not the luxuries, amusements, or resources to be found in frequented health-stations, yet a genial climate is absolutely necessary to health. There is quite sufficient comfort to be found in the hotels for invalids, who will be all the better for not being exposed to the temperature of cold picture-gal-

leries and churches, and forced in lieu to depend upon outdoor recreation amongst some of the finest scenery in the world.

On our way to Bonifacio we ascended and descended many lovely passes, stopping to dine at a beautiful village on the mountain-side; whilst during the dinner our conductor favoured us with an exhibition of his talent as an *improvisatore*. At midnight we found ourselves at Sartene, described by Gregorovius as the most Corsican town of Corsica—the headquarters of *vendetta*. By the bright moonlight we viewed with much interest the town, which repeatedly had been the scene of bloody conflicts. Its situation is most romantic and striking, even in this picturesque land. Here the diligence from Ajaccio stops, and we were transferred to another, and reached Bonifacio at 7 A.M. The talented and courteous mayor of the town, Dr Monte Pagano, showed us the Knight Templars' church; the wonderful steps, 164 in number, hewn out of a perpendicular cliff, which lead down to the sea; and other curiosities in this extraordinary place, which, perched on a rock overhanging the sea, appears as if it must one day fall into it. Sardinia is plainly visible from here. There is an inn in the place, though the

guide-book says there is none. It is, as usual, indescribably filthy, but with clean linen, &c.

The next morning we left at an early hour, and did not reach Bastia until late the following evening, the whole journey being a series of adventures, owing to the recent floods. In one place we had to wait five hours until the overflow of a river had subsided, the road lying under six feet of water. And here we experienced the generous hospitality of a Corsican family, who took us into their house and gave us all they could. The good-humour of our travelling companions,—one a councillor of state, of an ancient Greek family settled at Cargese; the other a Roman priest, who had lately been sent to Aleria, the wildest place in eastern Corsica,—rendered our journey less disagreeable than it otherwise would have been.

On arrival at Aleria, Sulla's ancient colony, we found the road carried away bodily, but as the diligence from Bastia was detained on the other side, we merely had to make an interchange of carriages. The whole of this east coast is devastated by malaria from want of drainage, and there are hardly any inhabitants. If they would only drain the land it would become perfectly healthy, and probably the most fertile

part of the island. If as much attention had been paid to this lovely and neglected island as has been bestowed on Algeria, Corsica would have become France's most precious, as it is already its brightest, gem. We found the Hotel de France at Bastia most comfortable. This was the capital under Buonaparte, but when the Bourbons returned to power it was transferred to Ajaccio. There are some wonderful stalactic caves close to the town.

I called on our consul, and found him in a very bad humour with everything Corsican; and he added, pulling out the 'Daily Telegraph' with my unfortunate article in it, "Here Miss Campbell has got some wretched fellow to praise Corsica up to the skies!" "Stop," I said, "before you proceed too far, and rouse the spirit of the British lion. I may as well tell you I wrote that article," which rather discomposed him. However, as I was only amused, it did not much matter. Our passage hence to Leghorn was short and pleasant, a great contrast to the one in coming.

CHAPTER XIX.

RESIDENCE IN ITALY.

THE VATICAN COUNCILS — AN ADVENTURE WITH REPUBLICANS — GENERAL LA MARMORA — MR SEVERN — VICTOR EMMANUEL — MONTE CASSINO — PRINCE HUMBERT AND THE PRINCESS MARGARET — THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION-PLAY — THE FIRST ITALIAN PARLIAMENT — THE ENGADINE — STA CATERINA — BAYARD TAYLOR.

Rome, 16*th June* 1870.—A great day in Rome —Corpus Christi—and this year the ceremonies were peculiarly impressive, as the Vatican Council was sitting, and cardinals and bishops from all parts of the world took part in the deliberations. At 6 A.M. the people were already on their way to St Peter's for the procession, which was to take place at 8.30.

We had obtained tickets for a place under the colonnades, which we reached with difficulty. For two hours and a half the great procession continued to pass. First came military; then

various confraternities of monks and friars, with lighted tapers, chanting; then the bishops in their white mitres. Amongst them were gorgeously attired Eastern ones, in tiaras blazing with precious stones. Then priests and others bearing the Holy Father's mitre and insignia. then the Pope himself, borne aloft, surrounded by a splendid suite. He was supposed to be kneeling, and he kept his eyes fixed on the Corpus Domini. After these came the French troops and the Guárdia Nobile, the latter a fine body of men, splendidly mounted; then Zouaves, carabineers, and other troops. The Mass was afterwards gloriously performed in St Peter's.

Genzano, Palazzo Sforza Cesarini. — Our second visit here after a lapse of twenty years. The dear little boys that I had so many romps with are now both married. We made a pleasant excursion from here to Marino, now a stronghold of the Colonna family, to a daughter of which Duke Sforza is married. It was formerly a fief of the Orsini family, the hereditary enemies of the Colonna. To this day feeling on that score, it is said, is shown by the inhabitants. The castle is a grand old building, with a splendid hall full of paintings. It has not been inhabited for sixty years. Vittoria

Colonna's bedroom is shown, and the secret staircase by which Michel Angelo used to be admitted. The band of the town played outside during our dinner. A. being very tired, had the honour of lying down on Vittoria Colonna's bed.

We passed this summer between Castellamare and Sorrento. The thermometer kept steadily at 80° for about three months. We had charming apartments in the Villa Nardi, close to the Hotel Tramontana. In the early autumn we found it very pleasant at La Cava, where we also had the pleasure of the society of Mrs Augustus Craven, the charming authoress of 'Le Récit d'une Sœur.' Her villa is a perfect marvel of beauty, as regards both situation and the arrangement of the grounds.

Palermo, 18th September.—A very rough passage here, as is generally the case. The heat is intense, and the mosquitoes are innumerable they seem instinctively to find out a stranger It was said at Philadelphia during the Exposition that the mosquitoes, which are peculiarly troublesome in that city, left the natives quite alone for a season; they knew the time of the arrival of the express train from New York, and used to go off in a body to meet the new-comers.

Besides my earliest friend and travelling com-

panion—Canon Burbidge, now clergyman here —I had the satisfaction of meeting Mr Dennis of Etruscan fame, who is at present consul here; and another old friend, Colonel Henry Yule, C.B., of the Bengal Engineers, who wrote some beautiful lines on the death of Lady Canning. He is occupied now in bringing out and editing the travels of Marco Polo, but finds time to take some lovely photographs of the works of art. The gallant Medici, Garibaldi's right-hand man, is governor here, and was most kind to me.[1]

Ravello, near Amalfi.—A place to dream in, and to dream of—a place where you become drunk with its excessive loveliness. The Palazzo Rufale, formerly an old Moorish Palace, now occupied by a worthy Scottish gentleman named Reid, is the show-place. There is a magnificent tower in the middle of the garden entirely taken possession of by a Virginian creeper, now blood-red. In every direction Moorish remains are to be found. There is a very curious old Moorish court. In the adjoining church of St Giovanni there is a magnificent old pulpit, and some curious frescoes in the crypt beneath. On our return to Naples we were delighted to see dear old Mrs Somerville

[1] Died in Rome on the 9th March 1882.

and her daughters, whom as a boy I had known in Florence in 1839. Her intellect is as clear and unclouded as it then was.

Pæstum.—Are there anywhere else to be found such perfect relics of antiquity, built some centuries before the Christian era? There is nothing to distract the gaze from these wondrous monuments of the past. They stand by themselves on a low marshy coast: far off low hills visible.

Mentana, near Rome, 2d November 1870.—This day I barely escaped the horrors of martyrdom—having been mistaken by an excited Republican mob for a saintly Zouave, this being the anniversary of the famous battle of Mentana, where Garibaldi fought against the Papal Zouaves and French combined. This year there was naturally a great demonstration. I was asked—fortunately, as it turned out for me, by a well-known Roman gentleman, Signor Ugolinucci—to accompany him to Mentana. On arrival we got out of our carriage, and walked into the vineyard where Garibaldi made his final stand. Here there was a motley group of women bearing flags, and of old Garibaldians in red shirts and other characteristic features of revolutionary uniform. When an excited patriot popped his face out of a window, and began an inflammatory address, his

manner was so comical that, notwithstanding all my efforts to prevent it, I was seized with an ungovernable fit of laughter. All round me I saw angry looks. My friend looked very grave, and said — "You must be careful; these are ticklish times. Do not offend the people." I said nothing could be further from my intention, but that I really could not help laughing. However, we thought it better to beat a retreat, and went into an *osteria* to lunch. Here, however, all looked so menacing, that I went out; and, getting separated from my friend, I found myself surrounded by gendarmes, who asked me my name and whence I came.

I answered, "From Naples."

"Then you are Neapolitan?"

"No: an English officer."

"Do you know any one here?"

"Yes; a Roman gentleman."

"What is his name?"

Unfortunately at that time I did not know it. So I was marched all down the principal street under a strong escort of gendarmes to meet the said Roman friend, an excited crowd pressing round shouting out — "Death to the Zouave! Pass him under the arms!"—to translate literally, an Italian expression meaning simply shoot.

him; "Death to the *consorteria!*"—an expression less easily translatable.

I never imagined that there could be any real danger, and walked smilingly and confidently on—which, of course, only enraged the people the more. My friend told me afterwards that he believed nothing would have saved me had not the gendarmes been there. When we came up to him, he was asked if he knew me.

"Yes."

"Then what is his name?"

Unfortunately he did not know it. A rush was then made at me, and I began to think at last that it was all up with me. However, the gendarmes stood fast.

At that critical moment a very tall man came forward, and in excellent English said—"Give me your card immediately, to save your life!" Fortunately I had one. He then turned round to the mob and said, "I know this gentleman" (a kind fib). "I vouch for him. I am Fabrizi."

General Fabrizi, being well known as Garibaldi's *alter ego* and dearest friend, all began at once to shout out "Viva Fabrizi!" and at once made the most polite excuses to me; and they were rather surprised to hear that I also

knew Garibaldi, Corte, Medici, and other great leaders of the Liberal national party. I thought it prudent, taking advantage of this amicable turn of affairs, to get into the carriage, whence I made my new friends a short speech. I asked them, first, for whom they had taken me. For Charette, the famous leader of Zouaves. I laughed at them and said, "I know the French very well. If you like to abuse them and call them vile it is nothing to me. I am not a Frenchman, and they are well able to take care of themselves. But one thing I know, that they are not idiots; and that for Charette or any Zouave to have come here to-day would have been a simple act of lunacy." To all this they assented. I then added, "I have been in Rome more than once, and I have never been molested; but the very moment I arrive under your new Constitutional Government I am obliged to be protected by gendarmes, and you commence your Liberal career under bad auspices." However, we parted very good friends.

I drove straight to my old friend, General La Marmora, then Governor of Rome at the Consulta Palace in the Quirinal. He had known me as a boy. The instant I was ushered into his presence he seized me and almost shook me, and

to my astonishment said, "What on earth took you to that vile place?"

I was puzzling my brains to think how he could have heard all about the matter,—which it appears had at once been reported to him by a mounted gendarme,—when he added, with great vehemence—

"You are an officer in a foreign army—you have no right to mix yourself up in political demonstrations; you have compromised, and might have most seriously compromised our Government."

I replied, "General, you are quite right. I had not the slightest idea that the affair was to be a political demonstration, or I certainly should not have gone, and I can only apologise."

So all ended smoothly, the General assuring me, with regard to my little speech as to the Constitutional Government, that if the gendarmes had not taken possession of me, I certainly should have been murdered. Madame La Marmora, who is not here just now, is the sister of my dear old friend Bertie Mathew, who, as I have mentioned, broke his neck out riding near the Porta Salara, and is buried next the grave of Shelley in the Protestant burial-ground.

In the evening I went to the Café Grèco in

the Via Condotti. The moment I entered every one said, "Zouave! Zouave!" but others who had witnessed the affair in the morning said, "Oh no, that is the English colonel." There must certainly have been some strong resemblance between myself and some well-known Zouave. There is, however, wonderfully little excitement in Rome. I never saw people settle down more easily to the new order of things. The only excitement I have seen is produced by the Bersaglieri, whose quick step and shrill trumpets have been of course hitherto unknown to the Romans.

About this time I made the acquaintance of Mr Severn, our energetic old consul, whom I found busily painting in his charming apartment in the Palazzo Poli, looking over the Fontana di Trevi. It was difficult, seeing him, to realise that this was the same man who, as I related in an early part of this book, had been sitting here in Rome with Byron, Keats, Shelley, and Trelawney, and had made fun of the last. Our worthy consul told me that he was on his way to see Cardinal Antonelli, relative to the opening of the Vatican gallery, which is at present closed to strangers. After this I walked to the Porta Pia, to see the breach made in the walls, by which the Italian army had entered.

28*th December*.—Old Father Tiber has left his natural bed, and is now sporting in Rome, having gone as far astray as more than half-way up the Via Frattina and Via della Croce. It is an extraordinary sight; Rome turned into Venice; a vast crowd assembled on the Pincian gazing at it. The Piazza del Popolo was a vast lake, covering entirely the base of the column.

The king—Il re Galantuomo—suddenly arrived. I met him on the Pincian. He directed the carriage to stop; made a gesture to the people to cease their acclamations; and amidst the most profound silence, gazed long and earnestly at the strange appearance Rome presented, and at the Vatican in the distance. He stood up bareheaded in the carriage. It was a most impressive sight. What were his thoughts? Of this one is sure, that day and night the good and wellbeing of his beloved country were always first and foremost in his thoughts. Had it not been for his iron will, and his never-failing confidence in the formation of a united kingdom, aided by his wonderful lieutenant, Cavour, what would Italy have been now?

One thing is certain, that had Italy not been determined to work out her own liberty, "Italia fara da se,"—there never would have been a

united Italy. Even our own nation, the one supposed to sympathise most with her aspirations, looked coldly on during her struggles; and now the Italians may look back with pride to the fact that, alone and unaided, led by those glorious men, Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, they made Italy what she is, a geographical fact. It only remains for her sons to lead her on until she takes, as she is entitled to do, one of the first places amongst nations. I was fortunate enough to see the King again as he went away, amidst the deafening acclamations of an enthusiastic people. He has given 200,000 lire, in addition to a donation from his private purse of 20,000 for the sufferers from the inundations. His visit had been productive of the very best effects.

Monte Cassino.—Here I received a most cordial welcome from the celebrated Dominican monk, Padre Tosti, an intimate friend of Mr Gladstone, about whom he spoke with much reverence and affection. I stayed here a week, two small cells being allotted to me. As it was in the holy week, no meat was allowed. I could not, however, complain of my fare, as the *chef* was most skilful, serving up macaroni, omelets, &c., with most piquant sauces and condiments; these followed by delicious macaroons, dried fruits, and

other delicacies. On Easter Sunday, about the middle of the day, I was allowed to have some meat, of which I was rather glad, having somewhat tired of sardines and macaroons. In the next cell to me the organist resided, and while wandering up and down the vast corridors, where I was allowed to smoke, strains of music most mundane, Traviata, Trovatore, &c., reached my ears. Almost daily Father Tosti visited me in my cells, and his conversation was charming. The costumes of the peasants on Easter Sunday were very beautiful; many had come from very long distances. I had seen them arrive in processions, generally preceded by some of their number bearing the cross, and chanting. They were encamped all round the convent.

About this time, I was presented to Prince Humbert, and A. to the Princess Margaret. Expecting the Prince to speak Italian, with which language I was familiar, I was terribly taken aback by his addressing me in French. For the moment I could not collect my thoughts sufficiently so as to clothe them in French, as they were wandering in what I hoped might be considered tolerably good Italian, so I put my hand up to my head in an embarrassed manner, seeing which the Prince said, "I am afraid you are un-

well." Rendered desperate by the proper expressions in French refusing to return to my memory, I blurted out "No; but I would much rather talk Italian." The Prince was highly amused, and offered me a cigar, bringing to my mind the reputed saying of his illustrious father, that there were two things he never refused to any one—viz., a cigar, and the Order of St Maurice and St Lazarus.

The Prince was kind enough to speak Italian, and also to express himself much interested in our English and American Archæological Society, under the guidance of the well-known John Henry Parker, C.B., who had been recently decorated by the King of Italy. The three English ladies who were presented to the Princess Margaret were loud in their praises of her kind and graceful manners. A lady, the wife of a popular north-country Irish M.P., who dined with her husband at the palace, spoke to me with tears in her eyes of the Princess's kindness to her. It appears that after the dinner in question the Princess went to the baby Prince of Naples's apartments, and on her return found the little Irish lady sitting all by herself in the vast *salon*, knowing no one, and no one coming near her. The Princess saw at a glance how matters

stood, and at once went and sat alongside her, and said, "I hear you have a little boy just the age of mine;—would you like to see mine?" The offer was, of course, gratefully accepted, and the child was brought down and placed in Mrs C——'s arms. She became of course the centre of attraction; and the remainder of the evening passed very pleasantly to her. Before she left, the Princess gave her a photo of the little Prince, which is, doubtless, now preserved amongst her most cherished possessions —reminding her, as it does, of the kindly heart and disposition of the most graceful of royal Princesses.

Perugia, 15th April.—Great good fortune. We have seen the beautiful Staffa Madonna—the Madonna del Libro, by Raphael, hanging in its place in the Connetabile Palace for the last day, as to-morrow it is to be taken down and sent off to Russia, having been bought by the Empress. It is indeed a gem, and I prefer it to any of Raphael's masterpieces that I have seen.

From Perugia we drove across country to Chiusi, on the Siena line of rail, skirting the historic lake of Thrasimene. At Citta Della Pieve, the birthplace of Perugino, we stopped to admire his glorious fresco of the Adoration of

the Virgin, and, alas! the remains only of his celebrated picture of the Conception. Thence to Chiusi and on by rail to Orvieto. We were lost in admiration of the façade of the cathedral. It reminded me of that of Chartres, with the addition of the mosaics. The first object that struck us in the interior was the beautiful statue of St Sebastian; but the group of the Pieta, by Scalya, and Luca Signorelli's wonderful frescoes, also the noble group of Prophets and Martyrs, divided our attention.

From Orvieto our next step was to Siena. Several days hard sight-seeing here. In Siena alone can Sodoma's pictures be seen to perfection. His Three Marys at the foot of the Cross can never be forgotten by those who have once seen it.

From hence we made an excursion to the curious old town of St Gimignano, with its wonderful towers, one of which is 175 feet high.

August 31, *Tarasp, Lower Engadine.*—Started with a friend to find our way by extra post across country to the representation at Ober-Ammergau, which was held this year, in consequence of its having been rudely interrupted last year by the Franco-German war. We went through a most interesting country, not much

travelled in by our fellow-countrymen. First over the Martinsbrück, dragged across by oxen, then to Landteck. Crossed the Finstermünz in a storm of thunder and lightning. Then to Finst, Lermos, Partenkirchen. Then Ammergau, where we found our rooms at Miss Veit's ready for us. The heat was terrific. The crush of people not less so. All the London great world appeared to have assembled here.

3*d September*.—The eventful day. Went to early Mass, and at eight o'clock found ourselves comfortably seated in the third row of the reserved seats. The drama exceeded our expectations. Colouring, grouping, acting, all artistic in the highest degree; but somehow or other I felt it was too artistic. Whether it arose from my not possessing the bump of veneration or not, I could not feel impressed, except with the very high artistic power of the actors. At twelve o'clock we adjourned for lunch. Pontius Pilate and Mary Magdalene dined with us, and took a most undue proportion of roast goose and apple-sauce.

The rush to get away from Ober-Ammergau was äwful—like that after the Derby. If it had not been for the kindness of an old friend, Mr Sandford, who had his own carriage and

courier, and gave Lord Eustace Cecil and myself a lift as far as Murnau—where we slept, driving the next morning to Weilheim, where the rail to Munich commences—I should never have got away. At the station there were some two hundred people of all nationalities waiting in single file, while an American gentleman at the head of it was endeavouring to make the clerk understand in English that he wanted tickets. Being next, I offered to interpret. This offer he peremptorily rejected, saying that the man ought to speak English, that language being used by more than half the world. The German clerk was only too glad to get a lesson in a foreign language for nothing, and deliberately spelt out the English words, repeating them after him, so that we were detained several minutes, during which the amount of cursing and swearing in many tongues was terrible from behind us.

26*th November* 1871, *Rome.*—I was fortunate enough to be present at the opening of the first Italian Parliament in Rome by the King, Victor Emmanuel. I was dressed in the Court uniform of the Royal Scottish Archers, which is terribly like that of the Chasseurs you see standing behind carriages here. I accompanied Mr Herries, the chief secretary, to our embassy, the minister

being absent. Herries's brother, a fine gallant fellow, beloved by every one, had been my brother aide-de-camp on Lord Hardinge's staff, and was killed in the first Sikh war. It was a grand sight to see the King standing up in front of all the senators and deputies in Monte Citorio, and in the presence of all the diplomatic world and other illustrious strangers now in Rome, and to hear him thunder out these memorable words: "The work to which my life has been consecrated *is* finished. We *are* in Rome, and here we shall remain." The Emperor of Brazil was present, and evidently deeply interested in the proceedings.

18*th May*.—Left Venice for Trieste. What a lovely spot is Miramar, poor Maximilian's once happy abode! The rooms are kept up just as he left them—books lying about, one open, probably the last he looked at. The grounds are very beautiful.

20*th*.—Whit Monday. All the world in Adelsberg caves, which are fully lighted up from end to end on this day alone in the year. Thousands of people were here. Two or three bands, one a Hungarian, playing in the caves. It takes some three hours' hard walking to thoroughly explore them—and what a wonderful sight! room after

room, hall after hall, apparently of vast height: stalactites like pillars in cathedrals and fretted domes—others resembling animals and every weird and fantastic shape; and in the middle a black deadly-looking river silently flowing. One expects to see Charon with his ghastly freight gliding along. It was truly a marvellous sight.

28*th July, Samaden, Engadine.*—Thermometer 78° in a cool room to the north. Such heat has never been known before. *Not* a room to be had in any of the hotels. In the excellently managed Bernina Hof they had been engaged since April last. However, we were annexed to the Bernina, and provided with rooms in the village. The place is now so full that counts and countesses, barons, and every variety of high and well-born, "hoch wohl gebornen," were glad to find refuge in rooms little better than stable-lofts. In every private house a large quarter below is set apart for hay, straw, and bullocks, and the atmosphere is, to say the least of it, peculiar. All day long delicate ladies might be seen picking their way along filthy streets, ankle-deep in slush, under a Siberian climate (for we had had rain, and the thermometer, which last week was 82°, was now 38°), occasion-

ally shaking snowflakes off sealskins, and this in the month of July! Two days afterwards, perhaps they run the risk of a sunstroke, having omitted to take their sunshades with them; and when they did arrive at the haven of rest, they found a crowded *table d'hôte*, with no succulent edibles, and every window jealously closed—a dozen stout subjects of the German empire ready to prevent at the cost of their lives the introduction of any fresh air, should any rash Briton venture to open even the smallest portion of the window. As they have got the Rhine now, they need not sing any longer, as we used to sing at Bonn—

"Sie sollen ihn nicht haben den freien Deutschen Rhein."

Better let them sing—

"Sie sollen sie nicht haben die freie Deutsche luft."

I am a great admirer of the Germans in all save their aversion to fresh air.

Seriously speaking, the want of well-cooked food in the Engadine is a very great evil, especially as regards invalids. At the Bernina Hof at Samaden you will, however, find an excellent table, good meat, well-cooked; but this is the exception to the rule in the Engadine; and although the position of Samaden is not so desir-

able as the other places, yet the excellence of the hotel is a great consideration.

Some years ago, in a popular magazine, an Alpine Club-man described the Engadine contemptuously as the Swiss Cockney-land, and praised in glowing terms the superior attractions of the baths of Sta Caterina, near Bormio. Freshfield also, in his introduction to his fascinating work entitled 'The Italian Alps,' says: "I do not write this for fashionable people who like to live on the roof of Europe in snowstorms and mists in July, but for people who like warmth and sunshine in summer, and beautiful scenery."

Wearied with the astounding variations of climate in the fashionable Engadine—the thermometer one Sunday showing 82°, and the next, after a series of thunderstorms, which resolved themselves playfully into snowstorms, not more than 38° during the day, and heaven only knows what during the night! for no amount of heavy blankets could keep one warm—we left to try the Alpine Club-man's paradise, Sta Caterina. But first a parting word as to the Engadine. The climate, as far as we have experienced it, has been simply abominable. Hot and cold alternately; suffocatingly dry at times—at others

damp enough for a Dutchman; and yet never has the place been so crowded. To get into any of the hotels—the Kurhaus at St Moritz, the Engadiner Kulm, or the Roseg, Krone, or Steinbock at Pontresina—was impossible.

As far as living goes, as I have before stated, the Bernina Hof was all that could be desired; and nothing could exceed the civility and attention paid by Mr Fanconi the landlord, and his amiable wife, to English visitors. They have given a piece of ground opposite the hotel for the erection of a church, which was recently opened and consecrated by Bishop Machray of Rupert's Land. This church has been raised through the energetic efforts of the Rev. Mr Eardley, rector of Streatham, who must have been gratified by the successful issue to his labours on the 10th of August last, on which day fortunately there was neither a snowstorm nor the risk of a sunstroke. And now, after living above a hayloft, snowed on fiercely, sunned on, and if rash enough to rise at 6 A.M., coughing in a thick fog which would do honour to London in November,—let us see what attractions Sta Caterina has to offer.

Bidding adieu to Mr Leslie Stephen's Cockney-land—if I remember rightly he is the author of the article I referred to—we started for "das

Land wo die citronen blühen." Crossing the Bernina Pass—wondering once more at its two lakes on the summit, one white, the other black —we commenced the descent to Poschiavo. Here we indulged in *kalbsbraten* and flies; then passed the lovely little sub-Alpine lake of La Piese, where there is an excellent hotel and strong sulphur waters. Leaving this, we found ourselves in the midst of luxuriant southern vegetation, magnificent chestnuts, and sweet flowers—very grateful to us after our "July snow above"—and reached Tirano, where in the verandah of the "Due Torri," kept by a Tyrolese German from Meran and four pretty daughters, we gasped for breath, and began to think more indulgently of our July snow.

This old town is the cradle of the Visconti family, the De Salis, and Pallavicini families; and a few days later at the baths of Bormio I met once more the courteous and talented Minister of Foreign Affairs, Visconti Venosta, whose acquaintance I had made at Putney some years ago, under the comical circumstances related before. The next day a warm drive of some six hours in the Val Tellina valley brought us to the baths of Bormio, at the foot of the mighty Stelvio, where there is an excellent hotel. Three hours'

continuous ascent hence by a road only fitted for an *einspänner* (a light one-horse carriage) landed us at Sta Caterina.

The first impression of this place did not strike us favourably,—a long barrack-like building on the edge of a rushing torrent, whose noise is deafening, and in the middle of a marshy plain, shut in on all sides by lofty mountains with snow-clad peaks; but the beauty of the surrounding scenery, specially when you penetrate the numerous valleys, cannot be exaggerated. There were some hundred people at dinner when we arrived — all Italians. After it was over, and all adjourned *al fresco* for coffee and cigars, we were received with the courtesy, the *gentilezza* so characteristic of Italians; and the doctor of the establishment—a picturesque-looking man, with a splendid beard, and well known in Northern Italy, Cavaliere Casella Guiseppe — made me acquainted with the habits and customs of the place, and confided to me the intention of himself and other friends to get up a company to build a good hotel. This season the establishment has been full to overflowing. I found that in the morning every one as a matter of course drank the water, which is like champagne. It is a very powerful chalybeate.

Breakfast at eleven. Risotto and Milanese cutlets, both excellent things, good bread, butter, cheese, and most excellent comb-honey. Dinner at four, plain, but good and abundant, and coffee afterwards. For this, with lodging, the large sum of eight francs in Italian paper money is charged. So that to other attractions may be added that of saving money during the summer.

I was particularly struck with the good feeling which prevailed amongst all the guests. Amongst them were many of the most noble families in Italy—priests and officers; but the greater part were of the middle class, and some even quite of the peasantry,—yet all were perfectly courteous, even cordial, in their unrestrained intercourse. The manners on either side were easy and unassuming. No offensive patronising airs on the one side, or cringing civility or awkwardness on the other. Any attentions on either part appeared to be perfectly natural, and accepted as a matter of course, every one seeming to have a self-respect and a sense of his own dignity of position, however low it might socially be. There appeared nothing strange to the shopkeeper to be addressed on terms of perfect equality by a Visconti or a De Salis, and the nobles did not

show by their manner that they were condescending in doing so.

When shall we arrive at this in England? Never, I fear. Something, however, of this may be seen in Scotland, where perfect independence of manners is not considered incompatible with easy intercourse between the upper and lower classes. It certainly is a great comfort to sit down at a *table d'hôte* where all are on easy terms together—where two Englishmen do not sit glaring at each other across the table, one saying to himself, "What a cad that fellow is!"—the supposed cad perhaps being "Lord Fitzurse Plantagenet," very gentlemanly, very quiet, and very shy; and the misguided reasoner young "'Arry" on his holiday trip.

In the evening, when the sharpness of the air, straight from the glaciers, sent us indoors, we had plenty of amusement—dancing, singing, &c.; but above all, a nightly lottery, tickets half a franc each. This produced great fun and laughter. Every one joined in it. The worthy doctor, with his imposing beard and picturesque cap, presided. One of the children playing about was caught, and induced to remain quiet for a quarter of an hour, dip her hand in the bag, and bring out the numbers. Those whose numbers were called lost

their chances, and there being generally only about half-a-dozen prizes, the last six numbers called won. The excitement as the numbers approached the end was terrific, all rising up and clustering round the table, and all talking at once at the top of their voices, countesses, baronesses, priests, officers, shopkeepers, and waiters. My name was called as L'Ignoto (the unknown), another Englishman present, President of the Italian Alpine Club, as the Alpine Englishman.

This amusement over, some other succeeded, until it was time to retire to rest, when all dispersed, courteously saluting each other, and left us two Britons to reflect upon the difference of national manners, and upon the common-sense displayed by all in amusing themselves so easily.

Now one word as to the climate here. At Sta Caterina, 5700 feet high, about the same as at St Moritz, the air is peculiarly bracing, cold at night, but without damp or fogs. As bracing in temperature as at the Upper Engadine. This is the advantage of being on the Italian side of the Alps. In the Engadine you are unpleasantly reminded, at least some time within the twenty-four hours, that you are north of the Alps; here, however keen and bracing the air may be, you

feel that you are in dear Italy. The air is clear, and redolent of the sweet smell of pines and wild-flowers. The excursions in all directions are numerous, and until the end of September I cannot imagine a more delightful abode.

For those who cannot stand so bracing an air there are the baths of Bormio, 1000 feet lower, where there is a very good hotel and every comfort, about which the well-known Dr Williams of London writes as follows :—

"The beauty of the situation of the neighbourhood needs no comment; but Dr Williams would especially recommend the place for its salubrity. Independently of the thermal baths, which are likely to be very efficacious in particular cases, the air of the new baths is peculiarly fine and bracing; the situation being sufficiently high, 4650 feet, to gain all the advantages of elevation without the extremes of heat by day and cold by night, which are so trying in the Engadine. The summer heat is generally tempered by a breeze, commonly from the western valley, whilst the colder winds are much shut out by the high rocky ranges of the Stelvio to the north and east. Another excellence in this air is its dryness and freedom from fog or damp. This is due to the dryness of the rocks and soil, and the absence

of all stagnant water. Altogether, Dr Williams would recommend the new baths at Bormio as a delightful and most healthful place of resort from the beginning of June to the middle of September, combining the invigorating influences of the Engadine with the more temperate and steady climate of the southern Alps."

We met several very agreeable people here, amongst others Mr and Mrs Bayard Taylor. I was very glad to make their acquaintance, having heard a great deal of him, and admiring also his writings — his work on our social life in India being especially interesting to me. I had been told that he was travelling about in these regions and at St Moritz. I had asked an American gentleman if a person I pointed out to him was not Bayard Taylor, "Oh dear, no," he said; "my old friend Bayard is quite a thin man—we were at college together—and this is a stout man." I, however, ascertained that it was about thirty years since they had met, and my American friend allowed that it was possible Bayard Taylor might have got fat since then. However, we did not meet then.

Here I found myself sitting next a very charming German lady. We were talking in German, when, being in want of a word; I said, "I have

no doubt that you speak English better than I do German. What is the word in German?"—making use of the English word. She replied, "My husband will tell you better than I can."

I complimented him upon the excellent manner in which he spoke English, which was surprising for a foreigner.

"But I am not a foreigner," he said.

"Well, a German then."

"But I am not a German."

I tried various other nationalities, but without success, when he said—

"Is there no other nation but that small island of yours that talks English?"

I said, "How stupid I am! of course you are an American, and you are Bayard Taylor," to which he confessed. The purity with which he spoke English, and the careful grammatical construction of his sentences, along with the total absence of any accent, led me at first to think that he was neither English nor American.

He was a most charming companion. I never met a man with more versatile talent, or greater powers of fascination. As a conversationalist, I should say he was almost unrivalled. His powers of memory were also prodigious. He used often

to recite to us whole poems in the Norse language.

With every dialect he seemed to be familiar, in German especially so. At the Vienna Exhibition he spoke for an hour or so in that language, on some public occasion. We seemed to have been specially favoured in meeting, at such out-of-the-way places as Corsica and Bormio, men like Edwin Arnold and Bayard Taylor.

In 1873 I received the following letter from him:—

"My dear Colonel Ramsay,—I was very agreeably surprised last evening by the arrival of your letter. We had only reached here the night before, after leaving our little girl at a school in Baden. Here we shall be obliged to remain for at least three or four weeks, before turning towards Italy. Since I saw you my plans of travel have been changed, and indeed rendered uncertain, through the death of Mr Greeley, and other events at home, which directly affect my interests. I have therefore decided, rather than attempt to enjoy the society of Florence in my present restless and somewhat anxious condition, to wait here. Moreover, Strahan & Co. of London have

decided to publish a new poem of mine, and I am expecting the first proofs this week.

"The letter you sent to me in September must have reached here after I left, as I never received it. Graham will tell you that I am a conscientious correspondent, and the fact that I don't answer a letter is evidence enough that I have not received it. I had a hearty laugh over your Darwinian story, and wish I had as good a one to send you in return. Do you still remember 'Ach meine liebe gans'?—written by some one who wanted to say that a friend was altogether her love, but spelling 'gans' thus, instead of 'ganz' with a *z*, actually said, 'Ah, my dear goose!'

"I have been very hard at work since September, and have only been in the way of hearing German stories, many of which, as you know, lose the humorous point when translated; but when we meet in Florence, I shall try to recover some which you may not have heard. I was also amused at your account of General Schenck. Knowing the man, I can easily imagine his manner. I know his brother the admiral quite intimately, and like them both.

"We are very sorry to hear of Mrs Ramsay's illness, which must have been quite serious. I

hope the superb weather we have here reaches down as far as Tuscany, and will help to heal her. My wife unites with me in the heartiest greetings, and the hope that she may soon fully recover.

"I thought of you in hearing of Napoleon's death. Personally, I fancy, he had many good qualities; but his reign will not be a bright page in French history. He was the most dangerous enemy we had during our war, and the two things he most helped to bring about were the very things he did not want—the unity of Italy and the unity of Germany. His place in history is thus more important than his qualities of themselves would justify.

"This seems almost like Italy to me, when I go out and see roses and laurustinus in blossom; but the Alps of Savoy send a feeling of snow through the air, and the sky is greyer than that over the Arno. I pray that nothing may occur to prevent our being your near neighbours in another month. My last news from home are most satisfactory, so I am in good hopes.

"With thanks for your cheerful epistle, and the best greetings from both of us to all friends whom you may meet, I remain, always faithfully yours, BAYARD TAYLOR."

CHAPTER XX.

THE POPE AND THE KING.

GENERAL SCHENCK—THE FLIGHT OF PIO NONO—ANECDOTES OF THE POPE—PICCOLOMINI—THIERS—"OLD PROBABILITIES"—ST GALL SHOOTING FESTIVAL—IL RE GALANTUOMO—VICTOR EMMANUEL'S POPULARITY.

Lausanne, Switzerland, January 15th, 1873.—Adverting to my remarks in last chapter as to the purity with which Bayard Taylor spoke English, I have observed this more than once in highly educated Americans—notably so with regard to Mr Millard Fillmore, the ex-President, and Bayard Taylor. The purity of language and grammatical accuracy with which they spoke, contrasted curiously with the slipshod English so many of us—even the most highly cultivated amongst us—make use of in our daily intercourse with each other. Many old expressions of the purest Saxon type, long since died out among us—such as a sack for a cloak—are still in daily

use amongst the Bostonians. It is the fashion often to hold up to ridicule expressions used by Americans, when in reality these expressions are the finest old Saxon Shakespearian terms. The other day I took up one of the ephemeral novels of the day, and observed therein a talented American lady, well known in literary circles, and justly esteemed, held up to ridicule on account of certain peculiarities of speech and accent. Now this is not only the height—I should rather say the depth—of vulgarity, but it is also an absurdity. The lady in question both wrote and spoke purer Saxon English than the novel-writer.

An amusing saying of General Schenck, late an ambassador in England, alluded to in the foregoing letter from Bayard Taylor, will illustrate this. I met him at dinner at the American Consul's in Florence. All present were Americans, with the exception of a literary lady, who lived in Florence and was the author of some charming poems, and myself. The General was very facetious. He said, "You are constantly attacking us for using queer expressions. Now we think you often use still more queer ones. I have often heard your young ladies say, 'Mr So-and-So is a very nice person;' and sometimes

that he was 'very nasty.' Now, in America, we never use the word nice, unless we allude to something to eat; and nasty is a word we never use at all—certainly not as applied to human beings." I laughed. Miss B——, on the contrary, was rather annoyed, and said—

"Well, General, perhaps there are faults on both sides. At all events, we have not so disgraceful a press as you have."

"Well, madam," replied the General, with a humorous twinkle in his eye; "you have about hit that off: we have got a very disgraceful press. We have one paper called the ——, which is very nearly as disagreeable as your paper, the ——, which is saying a great deal."

I roared with laughter; for the General mentioned two papers of the highest estimation in the mind of the public, as well as in his own. But Miss B—— would not be pacified, not seeing the joke.

Lord Richard Cavendish arrived here, with a servant who was dangerously ill. The former travelled as Mr Cavendish, and was only known as such to the general public. There being no doctor for the moment at the baths, Lord Richard was glad to hear of the arrival of one passing through. He accordingly went up to him, and begged him

as a favour to see his servant. The man refused most brusquely, saying he could not be bothered during his short holiday. Lord R. bowed and retired. The landlord was standing by, and improving the occasion said to the doctor—

"Do you know who that is to whom you were speaking?"

"No," he replied; "nor do I care. I cannot be pestered in this way."

"Well," rejoined the landlord, "he is the Duke of Devonshire."

"God bless me!" said the doctor, "you do not mean to say so?" and stepped forward, evidently intending to reconsider his decision; but the quiet dignity of Lord R. was too much for him.

A gentleman standing by who had just arrived, and whose name no one knew, said—"I regret extremely, for the credit of my profession, to have been a witness to such a scene. I am Dr ——," giving the name of one of the most distinguished medical men of the day; "I shall be happy to prescribe for your servant; and I think I may say, without any undue egotism, that he will be at least as safe in my hands as in those of the gentleman to whom you have just spoken."

Count Spaur has arrived, driving his own carriage and horses over the Stelvio. Poor man! he has just lost his wife, a charming Dutch lady, and has with him a clever, sensible boy, who really takes care of his father. Count Spaur is the half-brother of a very old and dear friend of mine, Dodwell of the 17th Lancers. His mother was allowed to be one of the loveliest women of her day. Dodwell's father was an elderly man, a celebrated archæologist and antiquarian; and they lived at Rome. Shortly after his death, Mrs Dodwell married Count Spaur, the Bavarian minister. With them Pio Nono escaped from the hands of the revolutionary mob in Rome to Gaeta. Young Spaur, then a small boy, was with them, and gave me a graphic account of the whole affair.

The Count went to the Vatican and brought the Pope out with him, joining his wife and child outside the St Giovanni gate. The popular version of the story is that the Pope was disguised as a footman, but this was not the case—he passed as the preceptor of young Spaur. At some place where they changed horses, they narrowly escaped detection. Some gendarmes came up, but they had no suspicions, and actually helped the Pope into the carriage. When they

got to Gaeta, the General commanding there asked them to breakfast, and asked why the preceptor did not appear. During breakfast an aide-de-camp arrived to report that a ship with troops was in the harbour. Soon after another aide-de-camp came in breathlessly, to announce the arrival of another ship with the King on board. Much astonished, the General hurried on board, when the King said—

"Where is his Holiness?"

The General replied, "In Rome, I believe."

"A pretty fellow you are," said the King, "not to know that he is in Gaeta!"

"Ah," soliloquised the General, "that preceptor. I understand now."

Apropos of Pio Nono, many good stories are told of him. This I can give on good authority. Not long before his death a very stout lady went to see him week after week. Being at times irritable from the state of his nerves, he said on one occasion, "What, mädam! are you here again?"

"Yes," she replied; "faith brings me here, your Holiness."

"Ah," said the Pope, "you English know your Bibles well. I suppose you remembered that it is written there that 'Faith moves mountains.'"

Upon one occasion an Englishman went to pay his respects to him, who could speak no language but his own. Prior to going he had endeavoured carefully to commit to memory the terms he was told he should address him in. However, on presentation, he got into a terrible state of nervousness, and forgot everything. Sacred in English was the only word that would come to his memory. This he attempted to translate into French, and what he eventually succeeded in calling the holy father, who burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, was "Sacré Père."

On another occasion two ladies were at an audience, and very improperly refused to comply with the usual formula of kneeling. The Pope on passing observed, "I presume these are the latest addition to our statues in the Vatican."

Siena, June 22d, 1874.—Came here by way of coolness, and the heat is quite insupportable. I think it must be the hottest place in Italy. One redeeming point is that at night there is a little freshness. We made the acquaintance of the Marchesa Gaietani, who was better known in England as Piccolomini. She is charming, and alludes with the greatest pleasure to her English visit, only regretting that she

did not stay longer. She is now learning the concertina, which an English lady is teaching her. The heat is so tremendous that, although well seasoned in India, we cannot stand it; so with a parting visit to the glorious Sodomas, we left for Switzerland, where, on the 15th July, at Chaumont, above the Lake of Neuchatel, my diary describes the temperature as cold as in winter.

Rigi, Kaltbad, August 23*d.* — Thiers just arrived, looking very well and cheery. The last time I saw him was in 1839, sitting up to his neck in the oily waters of the baths of Leuk. Guizot was also there. I was presented to Prince George of Prussia, who was much interested in my account of his uncle Prince Waldemar, whom I had met in India.

Vals, France, 4th September.—Having been sent here to drink the waters, we found ourselves in the centre of an exclusively French society. At the *table d'hôte* hardly a word was spoken, and no one addressed us, very different from France before the war. There was a lively Montpellier lady sitting next me, and I remarked to her that it was not gay. "Oh," she said, "we were very gay before your arrival," upon which, of course, I expressed my regret at our having

arrived. Afterwards, during the course of conversation, I alluded to my country—Scotland.

"Oh," she said, with sudden animation, "are you a Scotchman?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And your wife,—is she Scotch?"

"Partly."

"Oh," she cried, turning round to the solemn company, "they are not English — they are Scotch!"

Upon which every one burst out laughing, and we all became good friends at once. My lively friend said—

"Do you not detest the English?"

I said, "Certainly not. A hundred years ago some of us had good reason to detest them; but now we are one nation, and perfectly good friends, as you will be with the Germans a hundred years hence." That produced, of course, a chorus of "Jamais! jamais!"

I was distressed to hear from my neighbour, General Liebert, commanding a division in Corsica, that General Sebastiani was dead.

7th October, summit of the Col de Balme.—I made the acquaintance of a somewhat remarkable man on this elevated spot, an American general, who is at the head of the telegraphic depart-

ment of the army at Washington, and also presides over the weather warnings, which we receive from time to time in this country. In his own country he rejoices in the *sobriquet* of "Old Probabilities." His country and ours were, however, very nearly deprived of his valuable services under the following circumstances: We were standing looking at the glorious spectacle of the sun setting over Mont Blanc, talking on all and every subject, when we ascertained that we had mutual friends; and I said, "As you are going straight back to Washington, pray tell our very pretty, charming young friend, Daisy D——, that we talked of her on the face of the mighty mountain, and that if I had time I would write some verses, endeavouring to bring in her lovely eyes in association with the Monarch of Mountains." He laughed, and put out his hand behind, unfortunately touching his mule, which wheeled round, lashed out, and knocked him down. At first I thought he was killed. However, his arm was terribly bruised, but no bones broken, as far as I could ascertain. Having always been a bit of a doctor, I bound it up carefully, having spare linen with me, and I saw him well off to Martigny, *en route* to Washington, whilst I proceeded

on my solitary journey to Chamouni. His name, I have just remembered, was Meyer. I regret to hear that he is now dead. Daisy D—— was one of the loveliest girls I have ever seen, of a rare type. A more perfect representation of Marguerite of 'Faust' could not be found.

A friend of mine fell desperately in love with her, and came to me in a high state of delight, saying that it was all right, as he had been allowed to walk out alone with her. I laughed, and said, "Evidently you have not visited America. You had better propose at once to her, and let me know what she says." Accordingly the young lady was made to understand that she might be made a British matron if she chose. But the answer of the naughty girl was, "Whatever you may do in the old country, we young ladies in America do not marry men old enough to be our fathers."

Heiden, on the Lake of Constance, 8th July 1875. — A charming summer residence, little known to English, but much frequented by Americans, as Dr Pratt, the celebrated doctor in Paris, sends all his patients here who require change of air; also by Germans, who are sent by the famous oculist at Berlin, on account of the universal green in the neighbourhood. The

old town of St Gall, about nine miles off, is well worth a visit.

St Gall, 23d July.—In the course of my wanderings I have seen many places in a state of excitement, but never one in such a ferment as the usually quiet town of St Gall displayed on this, the great day of the week of the national shooting festival.

Leaving Heiden, two hours' drive through a lovely country, with occasional glimpses on one side of the Alps, and on the other of the Lake of Constance, brought me to St Gall; but long ere this, groups of sturdy peasants, rifles in hand, waggons full of holiday-makers, and banners hung out of solitary inns, announced the great festival.

The town of St Gall was literally buried in garlands and bunting, not a window was undecorated or without a flag, and barriers were erected every two or three feet along the causeways. The place swarmed with vehicles and pedestrians. Every quarter of an hour arrived detachments from all parts of Switzerland: those from afar—from Austria, Italy, and France—had already arrived, each with its band of music. The shooting-grounds being nearly two miles from the station, conveyances were in constant

requisition, and nothing could be better than the municipal arrangements.

Every cab was turned into an omnibus for the day, and took passengers at eighty centimes a-head. Hailing one of these, I was so fortunate as to find myself seated alongside a prominent member of the committee, who, perceiving that I took a more than ordinary interest in the proceedings, at once constituted himself my guide.

Before coming to the shooting-ground, we arrived at the great Cursaal, which had an elegant pavilion in front, built for the occasion in wood, somewhat on the model of our Crystal Palace, by M. Borsch, architect, and M. Hutz, contractor, from Coire. It cost 67,000 francs. The principal nave is 62 feet high, 65 feet broad; the building 339 feet long; and 4500 people or thereabouts can be accommodated at dinner. The service is admirably performed. The waiters bring in the courses with military precision by the sound of the trumpet. In this building every convenience is to be found—reading-rooms, telegraph and post offices, railway offices, lavatories, hairdressers, &c. Nothing appears to have been neglected.

The pavilion in front is a very graceful building; and here are the prizes, some of them of

great value, from all parts of the world, from compatriots in India, China, California, Egypt,—for, like the Scotchman, where is not a Swiss to be found? The crowd around, looking in through the windows, was enormous; but only a certain number were allowed to pass at a time.

I was amused at witnessing an example of Swiss independence—some sturdy peasants engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the sentries, who never thought of using their bayonets, but kept back the crowd by manual labour, with much perspiration.

Under the auspices of my friend on the committee, who was most courteous, I was favoured with a private view of the prizes. We then made our way to the special point of interest, the shooting-ground. There also, owing to the kindness of my companion, I was admitted into the long gallery, where the shooters were hard at work.

In this were 148 boxes or stalls, corresponding with the same number of targets at two different ranges. In each stall was a shooter, and a marker who noted in a book the shots. The firing was incessant and deafening. The shooters were fully protected from the crowd behind the rails; but the noise the people made was enough to disturb

the steadiest aim. However, this did not appear to be the case. Underneath each target in a trench is a marker. The moment a shot is fired, the index is hoisted, the target wiped, and the point made telegraphed back.

After watching the shooting for some time, I became so stunned by the noise, notwithstanding that I took the precaution of stuffing my ears with cotton, as I observed most of the shooters do, that I was glad to take myself off to the wilderness of booths and caravans. Among these were to be seen jugglers and wild beasts, stout young women, horrors of the Inquisition, anatomical and ghastly nudities, and other monstrosities calculated to catch the popular mind.

At 11.30 I found several thousand people waiting for the cannon to announce the midday dinner, so I deemed it best to return and dine at the excellent Hotel Hecht, where the cookery is as good if not better than in most hotels in the country. As this is chiefly a commercial hotel, the value of time as well as cookery is appreciated. I returned to the ground after dinner, and found the shooting as brisk as ever, and the turmoil still greater.

Though not able to make a personal examination of the targets, the arrangements seemed per-

fect—everything was done by clockwork: the targets moved up and down after each shot, like the shifting scenes of a theatre; the index was hoisted, the target wiped, and the result telegraphed, all in an instant. I was surprised that not a single Englishman was present.

St Gall, apart from this great national festival, is well worth a visit. In the midst of most lovely scenery, the town has many attractions to offer. There is a fine old Benedictine abbey, "mentioned in 'Anne of Geierstein' by Sir Walter Scott, possessing a first-rate library, containing some rare illuminated manuscripts, amongst other things the will of the Venerable Bede." But though representatives from every other nation are occasionally to be seen in these parts, the English rarely come; though perhaps now, owing to Mr Capper's valuable work on the Lake of Constance, they may be tempted. The air is very salubrious, and the whey-cure to be had in perfection in all these parts, notably at Heiden and Gais.

There was an extremely agreeable American family here—a large party—that of Colonel Lewis, a grand-nephew of Washington's. He fought, however, on the Southern side, and was taken prisoner. The officer commanding the

Federal troops in the action said how much he regretted seeing a grand-nephew of Washington's amongst the rebels. "What do you mean?" replied Colonel Lewis; "I am following my grand-uncle's example. He was the greatest rebel living; but with this difference, and a very great one—he was a *successful* rebel."

The prettiest rebel I ever saw was a niece of my gallant friend the Colonel,—a thoroughbred Virginian beauty. I remember soon after the war being witness to an amusing illustration of the bitterness of political feeling that subsisted principally between the ladies: the gentlemen had evidently agreed to tide over their animosities. There was a charming family of good old Scottish origin in a hotel at Florence, where we were staying; there were also several Northern Americans. The lady used to tell our ladies terrible stories of the war, and of the dreadful Federal officers. There was a very 'cute little boy of the party, about ten years old. One day an extremely pretty Italian girl, very young—a servant of an Italian lady—passed, and this precocious young gentleman said to me, "I say, Colonel, I am not much of an Italian, but you speak the lingo; there is a right down pretty girl—she is like a Baltimore beauty—

will you tell her in Italian that I should like to kiss her?" I said, "You little monkey, you must not kiss maid-servants; if you want to kiss little girls, which boys at your age don't generally care about, there are some little girls of your own nation playing about, go and kiss one of them." Upon which the young hero bristled up, and said, "I say, Colonel, you have a care. If a Yankee girl offered to kiss me, I would box her ears." His father, coming up behind him, heard him, and boxed his ears, sending him off howling to bed—which was the last I saw of the young patriot.

From Heiden we made an excursion to Appenzell—a very quaint old town—on a Sunday, in order to see the very extraordinary costumes worn by the peasantry. The women were in black, with a most extraordinary head-dress, like gigantic butterflies.

Baths of Valdieri, near Cuneo, Maritime Alps, 31st August.—We have been spending the summer in this charming place—the Engadine of Italy—a place apparently unknown to Englishmen, as during three visits we have paid to the place during the summer, amongst some two or three hundred people, principally Italians, we have hardly met a countryman. The air is

excellent, and the *cuisine* unexceptionable at the establishment, the far-famed cook of the Trombetta Hotel at Turin presiding. The thermometer averaged about 64°: the temperature neither hot nor cold. Some way above the baths the King has a shooting establishment, most perfect in all its details, though quite simply furnished. It is situated in a delicious valley, surrounded by snow-clad mountains. Not far from it are two perpetually frozen lakes, which the sun's rays never reach.

The King is very fond of this place, but will not come here until the bathing establishment is closed on the 1st September, as he does not like to meet strangers. At present he is at another shooting-box in Val d'Aosta. This day he made a mistake, and drove up from the Countess of Mirafiori's villa at St Anna, some miles below the baths, in high spirits, with his son, the young Count Mirafiori, both wearing wide-awakes and smoking furiously. He approached our establishment, close to which the only road to his shooting-box runs along, and to his disgust he saw several of the bathers on the verandah looking at him with opera-glasses. He drew up abruptly, and sent for our manager, Garabello, a very portly man, whom he knew. He gave him

a vigorous poke in the side, in fact doubled him up, and said—

"What is the meaning of this? I thought that the establishment was closed on the 1st September!"

"So it is," said the unfortunate Garabello, gasping for breath; "but your Majesty has made a mistake. This is not the 1st September—it is the 31st of August."

"Ah," said the King, "so it is. Poor Garabello, I hope I have not hurt you!"

Garabello, much touched with this, managed to gasp out that we should all be off the next morning.

"I hope so," said the King, driving back to St Anna.

The next day on passing his villa we had the honour of making our bows to the King, who returned the salute good-humouredly, expressive of his satisfaction at seeing us go. "Il Re Galantuomo" is adored by all these simple mountaineers. He often chats with them. One of them, not knowing him, complained to him that a large hare ate all his crops, and that the King's *chasseurs* were of no use, as they could not kill him; "but when the King comes," he said, "he *is* a famous shot, I will get him to kill it."

Which his unknown friend the King actually did, sending it to him along with a handsome gratuity. He was equally adored by the Neapolitan lazzaroni, indeed everywhere throughout Italy. At Naples, though they grumbled fearfully at the increased taxation, they never connected Vittorio with it. One day two of them were overheard to say when the King passed, walking by himself in a very *négligé* costume, "Those blessed ministers tax us terribly, and yet they cannot afford to give Vittorio any money to buy a new set of clothes."

CHAPTER XXI.

FÊTES IN ITALY.

THE MICHEL ANGELO FESTIVITIES — VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO ITALY—THE 100-TON GUN—THE VILLA MARGHERITA —THE WALTER SCOTT TABLET.

Florence, 11th September.—Never have I seen Florence the Fair look so surpassingly lovely as now. The weather is magnificent, not a speck in the sky; and the temperature, though certainly hot, is bracing and stimulating, the atmosphere being so dry. The *fêtes* in honour of Michel Angelo were preceded the day before by the solemn procession of the remains of Carlo Botta, the celebrated historian, from the railway station to the Church of St Croce. They had been transferred from Paris, where he died and was interred. Owing to the courtesy of the Syndic, Signor Peruzzi, I was enabled, in company with several distinguished French *savants*, to see it

well from a balcony in a street adjoining the Piazza St Croce. There was an imposing military demonstration. The pall-bearers were the General commanding the division, the President of the Academy della Crusca, the Préfet, the Senator Ferraris, representing Turin, a Major-General representing the King, a representative of the Chamber of Deputies, &c. The Syndic Peruzzi followed. The procession filing into the temple, the massive gates of which were thrown widely open, as seen from the Piazza Santa Croce was very imposing,—Dante, personified in marble, in the centre presiding over all.

The next day, Sunday, the 12th, the *fêtes* commenced. As this was the last day of the great exhibition, agrarian and horticultural, in the Cascine, I went there. The show of horses, most of them from the royal stables and those of Count Larderel, was very good. That also of oxen, Count Gori the chief exhibitor, was highly commendable.

The poultry were also good: the flowers and fruit were of course perfection. The silk and cocoons were especially interesting to foreigners. I regretted to see none exhibited by Mrs Neill from Australia—a lady who is endeavouring to introduce the silk-worm there, and who is now

at Verona hoping to induce the Italians to co-operate in her work. The shares in her company are held by ladies only. *A.* having taken a few some years ago, we should like much to hear something about them.

At mid-day a great concert was given in the wondrous hall "Dei Cinquecento," recently the Chamber of Deputies. It has been lately restored to its ancient form, and the magnificent frescoes of Vasari can now be seen in their integrity. I am persuaded that a more magnificent concert-room does not exist. The madrigals of Michel Angelo, set to music by Archadelt, a contemporary, recently published at Venice, were listened to, as the 'Nazione' paper says, with religious silence. In truth the melody was of the simplest kind—the interest, of course, resting in the words by the great Michel Angelo, at once poet, architect, sculptor, and painter.

At 3 P.M. the great procession inaugurating the *fêtes* commenced to move from the Piazza della Signoria. The military led the way, then all the trades-unions with their respective banners, both from Florence and other Tuscan towns. That of mutual help amongst sculptors was particularly applauded. It bore the following inscription :—

A MICHEL ANGELO
CHE NEI SIMBOLI DELL 'ARTE
UNA E TRINA
PARLA ANCORA DOPO TRE SECOLI
E SCUOTE I DORMENTI.

After these came the representatives of Italian and foreign towns, composed of some of the most eminent literary men. The English were represented by Mr Holmes, the Queen's Librarian at Windsor; Mr Heath Wilson; Mr Burton, President of the Kensington Museum; and Mr (now Sir Frederick) Leighton, R.A. Amongst the representatives of the press no English are mentioned in the papers, and I did not see one,—probably the Congress at Palermo had caused their absence. To say the truth, the English were conspicuous by their absence. There were no tourists even; and I had only on one occasion heard my native language, and that was spoken by a pretty American girl standing near me, who said that it was right down mean of her country-people not to have sent the banner of the stars and stripes.

The first halt of the procession was made at the house of Michel Angelo, in the Via Ghibellina, where his bust in bronze—presented by Signor Galli?—was uncovered. Here Count

Aleardo Aleardi addressed a few stirring words to the enthusiastic crowd. The next halt was at the Church of St Croce, where at the tomb Count Fabbroni read a touching discourse. Professor Floerke of the Royal Academy of Saxe-Weimar then presented a silver crown, as an offering from the German nation, and read in Italian a very spirited discourse dated from Frankfort. One from Vienna was also read. I now made my way with many thousands to the Piazza Michel Angelo, on the Via dei Colli, overlooking the town, to await the arrival of the procession. I remembered making the ascent to St Miniato, which is close to the new piazza, some thirty-five years ago. It was then a quiet path shaded by venerable cypresses, most of which exist no more, having fallen victims to the inexorable laws of onward progress. Toiling upwards under the rays of a pitiless sun, on arrival I was delighted to find that, owing once more to the courtesy of the Syndic, I was enabled to enter a shady garden which had been set apart as a reserved post for his friends and illustrious strangers. Here with excellent ices from "Doney's," a good band of music, and, above all, shade, the time passed pleasantly until the arrival of the *cortège*, which took place

a little past six—exactly three hours from the time of its departure, the distance being, I should say, under a mile. I see it is estimated at two kilometres. The head of the procession made its appearance on the piazza at a quarter past six o'clock, and the rear did not reach until eight o'clock.

Meanwhile the shades of evening had closed in, the sun—the most fiery sun experienced, so say the Florentines, during the whole summer—disappearing behind Bello Iguardo, at which there was one vast expression of relief. And oh how lovely looked fair Florence and the Val d'Arno! It was a stirring sight, that vast piazza crowded with all the world of Tuscany. The trades-union banners brought to one's mind the days of the Gonfalionieri.

In the evening there was a grand reception in the magnificent Palazzo Ricardi in the Via Cavour—formerly Via Larga—by the Préfet, the Marchese di Montezemolo, and his wife, a Russian lady. Prince Carignano, the King's brother, who has arrived from Turin to represent royalty, was present. I omitted to mention that on the piazza the Prince received the procession under the great statue of David. Walking alongside the general of division marched a young private

soldier, about whom much curiosity was excited. He was a Buonarotti, the last surviving representative of the house of Michel Angelo. Here is an anecdote taken from the papers relative to the Préfet's reception :—

"A gentleman from some far country—certainly a country remote from the fine arts—looking at the splendid old Gobelin tapestry hanging on the walls of the grand *salon*, observed, 'Where could they have picked up such wretched rubbish to cover the walls with? Poor Préfet! let us hope that this is only a temporary state of things.'"

Herewith another story, more worthy of notice :

"On Monday the 13th September, at the Royal Academy of Arts, was solemnly inaugurated the new pedestal, destined to receive on it the great statue of David; and amongst the papers of Michel Angelo was found the original of the contract between the artist and the committee, and in the hand of Michel Angelo is written on the margin—'On this day, Monday the 13th September, I have commenced the statue of David.'"

On Monday, as I have observed, the new base for the statue of David was exhibited, in presence of Prince Carignano and of the various represen-

tatives of foreign nations. In the same room in the Academy are exhibited casts of his principal works, from all parts of the world. Especially to be noticed are the Two Prisoners from the Louvre, and a Madonna and Child from Bruges. In another room are exhibited photographs and original drawings sent by foreign nations—amongst which those from the Queen's collection at Windsor have been much admired. Conspicuous by its absence is the collection from Oxford. "Oxford" is inscribed in large letters above; beneath, alas! a blank space. It is to be hoped that the fault does not lie with Oxford. The 'Nazione' paper observed, "Here no discourse was given." "Merci, mon Dieu!"

The house of Michel Angelo was, of course, a source of great attraction. It was thrown open to the public, and regularly besieged from morning to night.

In the evening, the Prince Carignano gave a State dinner, to which were invited all the foreign representatives. On Tuesday the 14th, the last day of the *fêtes*, the heat—which has been steadily increasing, the temperature being 80° in the shade—culminated in threatening clouds. Many were the disquieting looks cast upwards. However, all ended satisfactorily. A slight

shower somewhat freshened the atmosphere, and at 7 P.M. the whole Tuscan world commenced to move upwards to the Piazza Michel Angelo, to witness the illumination of the town and surrounding hills. The piazza itself was a blaze of light. In the centre, the gigantic bronze statue of David stood grandly out. The illumination of the church and buildings of St Miniato was very beautiful; also that of the Campanile and Palazzo Pitti.

Description is difficult. I must leave it to the imagination of my readers, most of whom will be familiar with the scenes. Suffice it to say, that the night was one of the loveliest of lovely nights in dear Italy; that the moon was at its brightest; that the illumination of all the celebrated historical buildings was most carefully and fully done; that there were some 50,000 people present on the Via dei Colli (and, of course, being in Italy, no disorder); that there were bands of music provided in all directions; that there were feasting and dancing wherever it was practicable; and that, in short, no means were spared to do honour to the occasion, and amuse the people. In conclusion, I cannot refrain from bearing witness to the extreme cordiality with which the foreign visitors were received by the ener-

getic Syndic, Ubaldino Peruzzi, and his amiable wife.

Varese, 17th September.—There is not a lovelier spot in Northern Italy than this. Situated at some height above the lake of this name, the view of the chain of the Alps, extending from Monte Rosa to Mont Cenis, and further round to Monte Viso and the Maritime Alps, is one of unrivalled beauty. On a clear day the Apennines are also visible. The Grand Hotel, opened last year, is perhaps the most comfortable in all Italy. Here we have *salons* on the ground-floor, opening one into another, all most elegantly furnished. The proprietors, wealthy landowners in the neighbourhood, spare no expense to render it comfortable. The table and service are first-rate, and there are carriages and horses to be hired for the numerous lovely excursions in the neighbourhood, concerning which every information is afforded by the intelligent manager, Signor Marini, formerly of the Royal Hotel at Milan. The proprietors are accomplished musicians, and some of the leading musical professors from Milan constantly visit the hotel. One week we were nightly charmed by the fine singing of one of the most celebrated *prima-donnas* of the day, who was most good-natured about it, but seemed

to enjoy still more her own Hungarian dances, in which she was an equally good performer. One of the proprietors bears a European reputation as a musician; and his performance on the new instrument, the piano-organ, is most masterly, exhibiting the utmost refinement and genius, along with extreme delicacy of touch.

Varese stands midway between Lago Maggiore and Lugano, and is equidistant from those places and Como, about two hours' drive. The villas in the neighbourhood, chiefly tenanted by the Milanese nobility and wealthy bankers and merchants, are built with good taste. Their gardens, kept with great care, are full of rare and valuable plants. With extreme liberality they are thrown open at all times to strangers. The celebrated Milanese painter, Chevalier Bertini, is now engaged in painting frescoes in the great hall of one of the largest of these villas, owned by a wealthy banker. The subjects are illustrative of Italian history—such as Volta explaining the voltaic battery to the young Napoleon Buonaparte; incidents in the life of Galileo, of Christopher Columbus, &c. Lovers of old frescoes will also be amply rewarded by visiting a place called Castiglione, within an easy drive, where in the old church and baptis-

tery there are some very well preserved frescoes, by the well-known Cimabuan painter, Masolino Panicale, date 1430. There is also an old Roman temple, a small pantheon, now converted into a church. In the old family mansion of the Castiglioni are some valuable pictures.

Milan, 11*th October*.—The town is in a feverish state of excitement, awaiting the visit of the German Emperor. Such is the demand for lodgings, that I got a room in the Royal Hotel with difficulty a week before. Then some of the old houses in the Cathedral Square were still standing; now they are gone, and in their site charming gardens laid out. The day before the arrival I went to Monza, where the Court is residing. The cathedral is well worthy of a visit. There are some good frescoes and magnificent tapestry; but the great attraction is the Iron Crown. It is said to have been given by Gregory the Great to Queen Theodolinda, the patron of Monza. Charles V. was crowned with it, also Napoleon I. and two Austrian emperors.

The eventful day, the 18th October, was ushered in by a glorious sun, and soon the whole town was covered with flags and tapestry, or cloths of bright colour hung out of the windows. Half-past four was the appointed time;

long before, the streets were almost impassable. It was a sight to remember, looking up the Corso Venezia,—the picturesque buildings, the gay colours of the flags and tapestries, the bright flashing eyes of the Lombard dames in the balconies, the military pageants, and, at the far end, the lovely minarets of the spotless Duomo, and above the clear blue sky of Italy. Punctually at the time announced, the cannon signalled the arrival of the imperial visitor; and soon after, making their way with difficulty through the crowd, were seen advancing the Royal Horse Guards, splendid men, equipped almost exactly like our own Life Guards, and mounted on black horses.

In the first State carriage (there were seventeen in all, built with the most exquisite taste, of a dark-blue colour, with massive silver ornaments) sat the Emperor and King alone—the former smiling and saluting in all direction, the latter stern and rigid, leaving all the honour to his imperial guest. In the next carriage were Princes Umberto and Amadeo (late King of Spain), and the young Duke of Genoa (recently at school at Harrow), in a naval uniform. Prince Umberto wore a Prussian uniform, as colonel of a regiment of hussars. In the next carriage was the

great Field-Marshal Moltke, an object of much attention. When he passed, cries of Bismarck were heard. The latter had at the last moment excused himself, on the score of illness, from accompanying the King. In the succeeding carriages were a host of Prussian and Italian officers, covered with decorations. In the suite of the Emperor there were some sixty officers.

Making my way with difficulty to the Piazza del Duomo, which was a vast sea of heads, I found the last carriages entering the palace yard. The Emperor was received at the foot of the grand staircase by the Princess Marguerite and her mother, the Duchess of Genoa, surrounded by a brilliant Court. When they reached the great hall of reception, the King presented to the Emperor the representatives of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, the ministers and great officers of his Court. During this interval the crowd in the piazza—wedged together like sardines in a box—became impatient, and loud cries for the appearance of the Emperor and King were heard, to which they speedily responded, and showed themselves repeatedly on the balcony. At last the windows were closed, and the vast crowd quietly dispersed. It must have been a strange sight to the aged Emperor, that vast,

eager, impatient crowd, swaying backwards and forwards under the shadow of the glorious Duomo, whose countless minarets were shining like the purest alabaster.'

Returning in the evening to the piazza, I found myself in fairy-land. The whole space was in a flood of light, the mixture of party-coloured lamps amidst the flowers and temporary trees was very effective; the blaze of light from the vast gallery (Milan's pride) was positively overpowering. After a time the cathedral was partially illuminated by Bengal lights, and the side next to the palace was a blaze of deep red light. The Scala Opera-House was also lit up in good taste.

On the next day, the 19th, the great review came off. Having obtained a good post in a reserved place in the arena, I went at a very early hour, but found even then hardly standing-room. Punctually at the appointed hour, the imperial and royal *cortège* appeared, the Emperor riding slightly in advance on his favourite charger, Gladiator. Then came the King and his two sons,—Prince Humbert, as usual, in a Prussian uniform. Next, the famous Moltke, with him the Italian Minister of War, Ricotti; the Prime Minister, Minghetti; and Baron

Keudell, the German ambassador at Rome, in the white uniform and splendid helmet of a colonel of the Landwehr cavalry. It may interest my fair readers to know that the baron is a first-rate pianoforte player; and I saw it alleged in a French paper that some very warlike strains played by him when he was Bismarck's secretary conduced greatly to the Austrian and Prussian war. Some fifty or sixty officers followed. The only scarlet uniform on the ground was worn by Prince de Lynar, first secretary to the German embassy: the royal grooms were also in scarlet. The new Alpine companies, with their picturesque head-dress, were much applauded—a creation of the present energetic Minister of War. They bid fair to become as popular as the Bersaglieri. The Emperor was specially interested in the cadet companies, which marched past with great precision. All the mammas present were much excited, and shed tears of joy at seeing their darlings in so proud a position, and acquitting themselves so well.

In the evening there was a grand gala dinner, given in the splendid hall of the Cariatidi, perhaps one of the finest in Europe. There were 182 covers laid. The service was entirely of massive silver, except the fruit-dishes and table

decorations, which were of the finest Sevres china. Before each person were set six glasses of Venetian manufacture, of different colours. After the banquet the whole party adjourned to the "Scala," where a State performance was given. For many days not a place was to be had, and the most fabulous prices were given. I thought myself fortunate in getting a place in the pit for eighty francs. This on ordinary occasions costs two! But the sight was worth the money. I have been present at several of these State exhibitions, notably at the great reception in our own Opera-House in 1844 of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia; but on no occasion have I seen so much enthusiasm exhibited as now. When the aged Emperor came slowly to the front of the royal box, with the beloved King slightly behind him, the applause was deafening, and again renewed when the much-loved Princess Marguerite and her mother seated themselves alongside. The enormous size of the theatre, the brilliancy of the illumination, the beauty of the ladies and the sparkle of their diamonds, with the richness of the various uniforms and decorations, formed a picture not easily effaced from the memory."

As to the performance of the opera, "Il ballo

in Maschera," or the ballet of "Manon Lersaut," the less said the better: they were not worthy of the occasion. Aldighièri, the baritone, well known in England, is worthy of the Scala, says one of the daily papers; over the rest let us discreetly draw a veil: but no one seemed to care about it, or even to be aware that anything was going on on the stage. At all times the Italians use the theatre simply as a place of meeting with their friends, and care little about the performances, which, to say the truth, are often very mediocre, all their best artists being in foreign countries.

The programme for the next day—a grand shooting-party in the forests at Monza—was interfered with by the "god Pluvius," as the Italian papers have it,—in our plain English, by wet weather. The royal party went, however, to Monza, and passed the time at a grand banquet; after which, in the grand *salon*, when conversation was at its height, there being some hundred and fifty people present, the folding-doors were thrown open, and there appeared entirely alone the little Prince of Naples, aged six years. The child advanced with grace and measured steps towards the Emperor, who, entering heartily into the spirit of the thing, himself got up and ad-

vanced to meet the Prince, who, putting out his hand to the Emperor, asked after his health and how he liked Italy. The Emperor, after responding with due gravity, took the liberty of kissing the small Prince, upon which he made straight for his grandfather, who idolises him, and watched intently the young hero undauntedly going through his programme quite unabashed.

In consequence of the persistent rain, the second proposed illumination of the cathedral was deferred until Friday evening, but the gallery was lighted up and thronged to excess. The next day, Thursday, was all that could be desired, and the shooting-party came off. In the evening there was a grand Court ball. The crush was something awful, there being 3500 people present. To prevent the Emperor being inconvenienced, none but ladies were at first admitted into the great hall of the Cariatidi, with the exception of the officers of the Court and the diplomatic corps. After a short time the gentlemen were admitted. The Emperor was dressed in a red tunic, and appeared most animated, never once sitting down, yet he had gone through a day of fatigue enough to weary a much younger man. There were only three of us in British uniform: one a general officer, the late Sir Philip

Guy, 5th Fusiliers; a second, an officer of the 74th Highlanders; and myself, in the dress of the Royal Scottish Archers.

The prettiest woman in the room—of course excepting the Pearl of Italy, the "rare pale Margaret," the Princess of Piedmont—was allowed to be a Roman lady, married to a Venetian noble, her mother being an Englishwoman. The gallery round the vast hall was crammed with elegantly dressed spectators. The hall was entirely lighted with wax-candles, the most perfect of all illumination, but sadly damaging to the ladies' dresses and the uniforms, as, from the great heat, the wax dropped in all directions.

It was a marvellous sight to turn from the brilliant scene within, and from the open windows look out on the fairy cathedral, whose spires were glowing like the purest silver under the reflected light of the illuminations. Alas! the next day was one of persistent rain—a great disappointment to the dwellers on the Lake of Como, where great preparations had been made to receive the Emperor, but his journey there was out of the question. The last day of the *fêtes* was fine, but the Emperor could not spare the time for an excursion to Como, and left the city with the same pomp and ceremony as on his

arrival. I was glad to note that when the King returned alone afterwards, his reception was most enthusiastic, the people evidently pleased with the manner in which the Emperor had been received: and thus ended one of the most brilliant *fêtes* ever given in Italy in modern times, and which may be productive of the happiest results. The Emperor said the friendship of Germany and Italy assures the peace of Europe. At first sight these words may appear exaggerated; but they were most significant, for the Emperor, who never speaks unadvisedly, more than once repeated them, and evidently meant to convey thereby that disunion between the two countries would endanger the peace of Europe.

After a bad fever, contracted in Rome, of the true malaria type, I was recommended to proceed to Courmayeur, at the foot of Mont Blanc on the Italian side,—and here let me say a word as to what is so generally designated as "Roman fever." This is now so rare during the season when strangers are present, that I was assured by a high medical authority that amongst some 20,000 strangers during the winter, there are, on an average yearly, never more than two or three cases; and those generally persons predisposed,

from having had malaria fevers or ague before, as was the case with myself when in India. It is true that there is often a good deal of typhoid and gastric fever, but not more than in other large towns, and these cases arise from bad drainage in certain houses, or from the imprudence of the patients. The Government has lately become so alive to the mischief occasioned by badly-drained, ill-ventilated houses, that they have appointed a commission of foreign and native doctors to examine all the hotels and report upon their condition, when all necessary sanitary arrangements will be made compulsory. If the death-rates of foreigners in Rome are examined, they will be found to contrast most favourably with those of some other large towns. The same medical professor, recently dead, said he considered that more English people died from the abuse of quinine than from fevers; that although quinine was a specific for malarious fevers, yet its use in other fevers was often positively injurious: and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that every second English person who comes to Rome, if at all an invalid, thinks it necessary to take quinine.

Ivrea, July 1, 1876.—A most lovely town at the beginning of the Val d'Aosta. The castle is

in very good repair, with most perfect towers. The cathedral also fine. From here we drove to Aosta, passing under the celebrated Roman gateway erected by Augustus. We put up at the Hotel Mont Blanc outside the town, kept by Jairraz, an old and celebrated Alpine guide. It is most comfortable. From Aosta the drive to Courmayeur is most lovely, up to the very foot of Mont Blanc. The Hotel Royal, kept by Bertolini of St Remo, is best adapted for English tourists. The *cuisine* is unexceptionable, and early hours are kept. At the other hotel, chiefly frequented by Italians, they dance to any hour at night.

I was recommended to try the iron and arsenic baths of St Didier, some two miles below Courmayeur, and where the pass of the little St Bernard, a carriage-road into France, commences. They had a magical effect upon me, and after a few days I was able to walk to and fro. They are so powerful that no one is allowed to take them except by order of a doctor. St Didier is perhaps a pleasanter place to reside in on account of the shade to be found, but the hotels are not so good as those at Courmayeur. The only fault we found with the latter place was the extreme variation of temperature: at times unbearably

hot, at others a cold icy wind blowing. There is also great want of shade. General, now Marchese Medici, first aide-de-camp to the King, being here with his charming wife, an English lady, we often had pheasants and other game at dinner, sent by the King. Another General, Count Avrograd, I found a most agreeable companion.

Spezia, 25th October.—A pleasant fortnight with the 100-ton gun. The chief merit of its very creditable performances, in my eyes, being the number of agreeable and intellectual people brought together in this out-of-the-way place. First and foremost is the Admiral on special service with the gun,—Admiral Martin Franklin, a noble Savoyard, whose courtesy to the numerous strangers has been remarkable even in this country, where courtesy is the rule, not the exception. Amongst our own people are Colonel Brackenbury and Colonel Younghusband, Royal Artillery; Captain Noble and Mr Rendel,[1] Armstrong's partners. Every nation has sent a military or naval officer to watch the experiments; and as mostly all are at the same hotel, our society is at once scientific and pleasant. The Admiral invariably offers to take us over in

[1] Now a Lord of the Admiralty.

his barge. A sumptuous luncheon is provided in the old dockyards daily, and by the time it is ready we are generally equally ready,—the dodging to and fro the various refuges when each shot is fired being rather fatiguing. It is almost incredible the distances pieces of the ball scatter to. Science in the morning is generally followed by pleasant musical and whist parties in the evening; and I feel much indebted to the great gun for a very pleasant time at Spezia.

Locarno, Lago Maggiore, June 1877.—A place which appears to me to be less known to English people than it deserves. In the first place, it is situated in one of the finest parts of the Lago Maggiore. It is decidedly cooler than the lower parts of the lake—a great consideration to the summer resident—and it is within reach of some of the finest scenery in the Italian Alps; indeed Mr Freshfield, in writing his well-known work entitled 'Italian Alps,' made Locarno his head-quarters. Radiating from Locarno are some five or six beautiful valleys, leading into the very heart of the mountains, and these may be comfortably and economically visited — the latter being a most important item in the comfort of a tourist not overburdened with cash. A public

carriage with a comfortable *coupé* leaves every morning about 6 A.M., to certain villages up these valleys, returning the same evening, thus giving you a long day in the hills.

Then we explored the Val Maggia as far as that loveliest of all lovely spots, as Freshfield calls it,—Bignasco. It was not rendered the less lovely to us by our obtaining for luncheon some splendid trout, caught in the mountain stream running past our inn. Rain unfortunately came on; but as our window commanded the finest view of the glorious scenery, we were able to sketch in perfect comfort, also benefit by the light and shade produced by the passing clouds, so nothing occurred to mar our enjoyment.

Another day we went up a valley to Comologno, passing Intragna and Loco. Finer scenery could not be found anywhere. Each succeeding day we made some new excursion. The Grand Hotel is perhaps one of the largest in Europe. It was built by a company in the Canton Ticino, at a cost of some sixty thousand pounds,—the shareholders hoping to realise a fortune on the opening of the St Gothard Tunnel, which is not yet finished,[1] though the shareholders are, as they were ruined some years

[1] Opened at last, May 1882.

ago. It is now opened only in the spring, summer, and autumn, and placed in the hands of the energetic proprietor of the Beau Rivage Hotel at Baveno, who spares no trouble to satisfy travellers. The public rooms are vast and lofty, and splendidly furnished; indeed the whole house was fitted up entirely regardless of expense. The daily expense to travellers, including board and lodging, only seven and a half francs a-day!

Villa Margherita, St Marcello, Pistojese, 28th August 1880.—On returning from having passed the summer in Scotland, I found the heat somewhat trying. So stopping in Turin only a few hours, in order to have another glimpse at the exhibition, and especially at the wonderful picture by a Roman artist of Michel Angelo kissing the hands of Vittoria Colonna on her deathbed (it is said that all his life afterwards he regretted he had not kissed her lips also), I found myself, after a broiling night on the rail, at early dawn on the platform of the station at Pracchia, the highest point on the line between Bologna and Florence, amongst the Apennines. The freshness of the air was most enjoyable. In a couple of hours I reached Villa Margherita, close to St Marcello,—a place familiar to me by

description, as I had frequently found it mentioned in Massimo d'Azeglio's works. My own personal resemblance to that glorious patriot has been a source of great pride to me. The first time I met a niece of his, she said, "Ecco, Massimo;" and more than once it has happened to me to be stopped in the streets at Turin by people who, apologising for the liberty taken, have asked me if I belonged to the D'Azeglio family, such is the love which they bear to that family in Piedmont. Not only in his writings was Massimo d'Azeglio immortalised, but also by his paintings, several of which were executed here. The scenery is most lovely, and may be familiar to those of us who are, alas! old enough to have posted along this, the once great highroad between Florence and Modena, at the highest point of the pass Abetone Boscolungo.

There were two *dogani*, one belonging to the Tuscan Government, the other to the Modenese. The former has been turned into a hotel, besides which there is a very comfortable *pension*, kept by a Swiss doctor, a great botanist. The temperature here is always comparatively low, the height being about 4000 feet, the same as that of Valdieri, the baths near Cuneo, which I have described in a former page. Abetone is rapidly

becoming a fashionable place of resort; but at present there is an absolute lack of good accommodation and good living. About the Villa Margherita,—which is admirably managed by an English lady married to an Italian, cleanliness and cookery irreproachable,—there are lovely excursions to be made. Immediately behind the house there is a wood which leads to the romantic little town of Gavinana. Here Ferrucio was slain; also the Prince of Orange, it is said, in this very wood. It is a most quaint little town. Exactly opposite the church, there is an old house standing in the most delicious shade, now kept as a *pension* by two worthy Scotch ladies, the Miss Laings, who have been governesses in some of our best Scotch families. I often found my way there to talk of the "auld country" and eat oatcake. Porridge in the morning I was promised, but never arrived early enough for.

Returning from Florence to Leghorn after the great review on the 16th September (held on the termination of the autumnal manœuvres), utterly exhausted, the heat having been literally overwhelming, I found myself at night in the railway carriage: opposite me a placid old Italian gentleman, who put up his corner window and disposed himself for sleep. After a few words in Italian

with him I did the same, when two very wide-awake American naval officers, returning to their ship at Leghorn, complained of want of air, although all the windows were open except at our corners. One said to the other, "I say, old fellow, pull down those windows." The other replied, "I cannot; these stuffy old Italians have shut them." "Never mind them being there," said the first. "Oh no, poor devils," rejoined the other; "a puff of wind would blow these poor devils to bits."

The next evening, at the house of a mutual friend, I met these officers, who were much amused at meeting the supposed stuffy old Italian. They were quite mistaken in imagining that Italians cannot stand fresh air. Germans certainly do not, as we know to our cost when perspiring at their *table d'hôtes;* but Italians are quite as fond of fresh air as we are, perhaps more so. They abominate a fire, and will sit quietly reading or writing in a room with the thermometer at 40° or 45°. They certainly can bear cold better than we do.

In concluding these shadowy reminiscences of a past life, as one of the first I was able to recall to memory was my interview with Sir

Walter Scott about a year before his death, so I will dedicate the last that I have to offer to my indulgent readers to the memory of our great romancist.

Two years ago, a fellow-countryman of mine resident in Rome—Dr Steele, the talented correspondent of the 'Daily News'—and I, conceived the idea of obtaining the permission of the Roman municipal authorities to a tablet being placed on the house which was inhabited by Sir Walter Scott during his short stay in Rome—Casa Bernini, No. 11 Via Mercede—as recorded by Lockhart in his Life of Sir Walter. To this task I set myself, with all the energy which is so dear to an idle man who has formerly led a busy and a stirring life. Foreseeing insuperable difficulties if I made the request simply on behalf of the English-speaking community, I addressed myself at once to the Italians, who eagerly responded to my advances. Foremost amongst those who supported me was the illustrious Duke of Sermoneta, Sir Walter Scott's early friend. Amongst others were his son Prince Teano, Prince Doria, Prince Alfonzo Doria, Duke Sforza Cesarini, Marc Antonio Colonna Duke of Marino, Prince Ladislao Odescalchi, Marquis Calabrini, Marquis Vitelleschi, and the

Marquis di Bella Caracciolo, father-in-law of the Syndic Don Augusto Ruspoli.

Fortified by this strong support, and owing principally to the unwearied efforts of Prince Teano, on behalf of his father the Duke of Sermoneta, who interested himself greatly in the affair, I received at last from the municipality a communication to the effect that they had very great pleasure in consenting to place, at their own expense, the required tablet to the illustrious writer whom they all so much admired. This was more than a year ago; but in Italy, *Pazienza* is the motto, the word on every one's lips, and through it the Italians have acquired much. It is also not a bad lesson to us restless foreigners, who want everything done in a moment. I have obtained the promise, and if it is not fulfilled for some years, I shall be neither surprised nor annoyed.[1]

In Sir Walter Scott's Life by Lockhart, there is the following mention made of the Duke Sermoneta, in an account furnished by Sir William Gell, then a resident in Rome and Naples, of a visit to the Castle of Bracciano :—

[1] The tablet was unveiled on the 1st April 1882, in the presence of the Duke of Sermoneta, the Earl of Haddington, and other illustrious Scotsmen.

"The eldest son of the Torlonia family is the possessor of the Castle of Bracciano, of which he is duke. Sir Walter was anxious to see it, and cited some story, I think, of the Orsini, who once were lords of the place. We had permission to visit the castle, and the steward had orders to furnish us with whatever was requisite. We set off on the 9th May, Sir Walter as usual coming with me, and two gentlemen occupying his carriage. One of these last was the son of the Duke Sermoneta, Don Michele Angelo Gaëtani, a person of the most amiable disposition, gentlemanly manners, and most remarkable talents. Sir Walter, to whom he had paid every attention during his stay in Rome, had conceived a high opinion of him. Added to his agreeable qualities, he had a wonderful and accurate knowledge of the history of his own country during the darker ages. The Gaëtani figured also among the most ancient and most turbulent of the Roman families during the middle ages; and these historical qualities, added to the amenity of his manners, rendered him naturally a favourite with Sir Walter.

"We arrived at Bracciano, twenty-five miles from Rome, fatigued with the roughness of an old Roman road, the pavement of which had

generally been half destroyed, and the stones left in disorder on the spot. He was pleased with the general appearance of the stately pile, which is seated upon a rock, commanding on one side the view of the beautiful lake, with its wooded shores; on the other, overlooking the town of Bracciano. . . . He was struck with the sombre appearance of the Gothic towers, built with the black lava which once formed the pavement of a Roman road, and which adds much to its frowning magnificence. . . . He was pleased with the grand suite of apartments all yet habitable, and in some rooms still remaining the old furniture and rich silk hangings of the Orsini and Odescalchi. . . .

"The next morning after breakfast we set out on our return to Rome, and all the way his conversation was more delightful and more replete with anecdotes than I had ever known it. He talked a great deal to young Gaëtani, who sat on the box, and he invited him to Scotland. . . . Cesar Borgia was a character whose vices and whole career seemed to him singularly romantic. I begged Don Michele Gaëtani, whose ancestors had been dispossessed of their rich fiefs by that ambitious upstart, to show Sir Walter a sword now in the possession of his family, which be-

longed to Borgia. The blade bears the arms of the Borgias, with his motto, 'Aut Cæsar, aut nullus.' Sir Walter congratulated Don Michele Angelo Gaëtani on the possession of a relic doubly interesting in his hands."

Casa Bernini, No. 11 Via Mercede, belonging to the Silvestrelli family, I of course applied to them for permission to place the tablet on their house, and received the following letter, most admirably written in English, from one of the family now attached to the Italian Embassy in London :—

"St James's Club, Piccadilly,
June 18, 1880.

"Sir,—With your kind letter of the 15th inst., you ask my consent to have a tablet placed on the house in Via della Mercede, in record of the memory of Sir Walter Scott, who resided there during his stay in Rome; and you tell me that, having already obtained the permission from the municipal authorities, and from my uncle, Mr A. Silvestrelli, who is joint proprietor of the house, my assent to the measure is all that you require to have the thing done. I hasten, therefore, to inform you, sir, that, for my part, I shall be very happy to see on the house the inscription in honour of the great national writer of the past

ages of Scotland. Having visited that charming country, I did not fail to notice the wonderful popularity of the celebrated novelist among your high-spirited people; and I feel very thankful to you, and to the supporters of your proposal, for having given me the opportunity of concurring in my native country to an act of homage to the memory of the great man.

"I shall be delighted to see you when you come over to London; and I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"G. SILVESTRELLI."

The following letter, written from Rome by the talented and accomplished correspondent of an American paper—Miss Brewster—appeared in a Philadelphia paper:—

"The great dead live again in this world through fame and through the grateful admiration of posterity. Rome is a city where the names of the famous are treasured and honoured with care. In almost every street you see an inscription commemorating some great author, painter, or sculptor. This rage for setting stone memorials in the outer house walls has increased in this city within the last few years. Not only Michael Angelo, Raphael, and other distinguished

Italians have stone tablets telling where they lived and died; but other nationalities have come eagerly forward to ask that their great men who visited Rome shall also be remembered. In the Corso a stone tablet on a house tells you that there the German Goethe lodged when he was at Rome. In the Piazza de Spagna an inscription chronicles that in that house beside the Spanish Steps, 'he whose name was writ in water,' and whose grave is in one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the world, under the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestius—the poet Keats—died in the arms of his faithful friend Severn.

"Now Colonel Balcarres Ramsay has asked and received permission from the Syndic of Rome for a tablet to be placed on the walls of the Casa Bernini, No. 11 Via della Mercede, where Sir Walter Scott resided during his stay in Rome—the inscription to commemorate that fact. Several prominent Roman princes and noblemen have united with Colonel Ramsay—for example, the distinguished and accomplished Duke di Sermoneta, who, as Don Michele Gaëtani, was Sir Walter Scott's constant companion in Rome. Lockhart, in his Life of Scott, tells how much Sir Walter admired his Roman friend's—Don Michele Gaëtani—talents, his brilliant versatility. Many years

have gone by, and Don Michele Gaëtani is now known, revered, and honoured as the blind Duke of Sermoneta—a brilliant conversationalist, the most profound Dante scholar living; and around him gather admiringly all the best minds and most accomplished scholars of the day. His accomplished and elegant son, Prince Teano—one of the finest specimens of *un vrai gentilhomme*—likewise unites with Colonel Balcarres Ramsay.

"Colonel Ramsay has a strong personal interest in the matter. His father and Sir Walter were great friends, and when the Lieutenant-Colonel was a boy he used to see the great novelist at his father's house. Once, just after the 'Tales of a Grandfather' came out, Scott was dining there. In the frontispiece of the first edition was a picture of Sir Walter's grandson, Hugh Lockhart, for whom it was written. The little boy was represented with his arm round a great dog. For some childish reason this picture displeased young Ramsay. So when he was taken into the dining-room at dessert, he flew up to Sir Walter, crying—'What do you mean by putting Hugh there?' Sir Walter, who understood children as well as he did their elders, was highly-amused; and, after an explanatory talk with the boy, said, 'Well, my little man, when

I bring out another edition I will put you there, and give you a bigger dog.'

"A Mr James Lockhart has written a letter to the 'Opinione,' which is published this morning. In the letter he tells how Sir Walter, when he was at Rome in 1832, expressed a wish to see the taking of the veil by a beautiful young singer, Signorina Francesca Grifi. Mr Lockhart went to the Grifi family, with whom he was intimate, and told them of this desire. They were, of course, most happy to send an invitation to so distinguished a person; but unhappily, at the last moment, when all was ready, the large number of persons who had assembled were informed that he was too ill to go. Mr Lockhart closes his letter thus: 'Rome can therefore say that she received almost the last words of Scott; and, also, those words demonstrated a noble soul desirous of contemplating a moving spectacle—a separation of one from society to dedicate herself to God—

> Hunc maxime diem numera meliore lapillo
> Qui tibi labentes apponit candidus annos.'

"Colonel Balcarres Ramsay tells me he hopes to get the Duke Sermoneta to inaugurate the tablet.

"There is a tradition that Milton, when he visited Rome, lived in the house which stands on the south-west corner of the Via Quattro Fontane and Via Quirinale. There ought to be an inscription placed there also."

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THE END.

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